

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of Feb. 1, 1948



Jeanne de Valois
Posed by Betty Grable
20th Century-Fox Star

Enchantresses of the Ages

By Henry Clive
Read John Erskine's Story
On Next Page

GRAND SCHEME OF *Jeanne de Valois*

The Pretty Impostor Saw Her Chance
When the Queen Refused the Diamond
Necklace, Because Its Price Was Too High.



By John Erskine

JEANNE DE VALOIS was a daring swindler. She was also, as her name suggests, of royal blood. And she was very beautiful.

She began her public life in early childhood, trained by disreputable parents to beg on the street and to steal potatoes. Her technique as a beggar was to approach the obviously well-born.

"Alms for a poor orphan descended from the royal blood of Valois!"

One day the Marquise de Bougainvilliers stopped her coach in order to investigate what seemed an obvious imposture. But it was not an imposture, not entirely.

Jeanne was the daughter of a certain Jacques-Remy, a wretched character given to drink, but himself a descendant of Henry II, the protector of Diane de Poitiers and the husband of Catherine de Medici.

Jeanne's mother was a serving maid, who, when Jacques-Remy died, became an adventuress.

Jeanne was sent to a nunnery by the well-intending Marquise de Bougainvilliers, but the child had no religious vocation, and blossoming rapidly into seductive young womanhood, she decamped from the nunnery and married a certain Nicolas de Lamotte, a minor officer in the police.

Lamotte believed he had made a good match, and for Jeanne a husband provided social stability without limiting the freedom of her actions.

She procured an introduction to the Cardinal de Rohan, destined to become her victim. Her husband was immediately appointed Captain in a regiment of Dragons, the Cardinal paid the fellow's debts, and gave Jeanne a modest pension.

Since the Captain's commission came from the King, Lamotte advanced into the nobility by calling himself Count de Lamotte-Valois, and Jeanne became his Comtesse.

The court smiled indulgently at this brazen impudence, but the impostors were already deep in their thieving plans.

Jeanne had discovered that even with a false title she could impose on silversmiths and jewelers.

She rented a house in Paris, borrowed money on an estate which

illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

did not exist, and went to Versailles to hobnob with the court.

Marie Antoinette was not interested. Her later testimony was undoubtedly true, that she never exchanged a word with Jeanne and did not know her. Others, however, noticed Jeanne's fainting fits.

It was her habit to hang around the royal apartments and swoon away just when she expected the Queen to emerge. But the Queen never came out at the right moment, and the two baffled swindlers retired to plan what they considered their master stroke.

The jewelers of Paris had assembled a fabulous diamond necklace in the hope that Marie Antoinette would buy it, but the price was too high.

Jeanne and her precious husband decided that the Queen must ask Cardinal de Rohan to buy the necklace for her, until such time as she could repay him. There were several difficulties in this plan.

The Queen disliked the Cardinal and would ask no favor of him. Also the Cardinal, at that time, did not have the resources with which to purchase the necklace. Yet Jeanne had her way.

First the Cardinal received a series of letters, apparently in the Queen's handwriting, apologizing for her long unfriendliness and softening him up for the staggering favor she was about to ask.

These letters were written by a certain Retaux de Villette, a nimble-witted adventurer who was Jeanne's secretary. When the Cardinal was sufficiently impressed, he received a secret visit from the Queen—that is, from a good looking girl known variously as Nicole, or the Demoiselle

d'Oliva, or the Baronne d'Oliva, a dressmaker who for a share in the hoped-for profits took the risk of impersonating the Queen.

The scheme worked. The Cardinal ordered the necklace in Marie Antoinette's name and handed it over to Jeanne. The Queen never laid eyes on it. The necklace went to London where it was broken up and sold diamond by diamond.

The Cardinal was puzzled not to see the Queen wearing her new decoration, and the Paris jewelers were annoyed that the London dealers were suddenly offering diamonds but at such a fabulous price that they could not possibly meet them.

When the Cardinal made it clear that he could not pay for what he had bought on the Queen's behalf, the jewelers presented the bill directly to the Queen.

She told the King about it, and the conspirators were caught.

No one believed that the Cardinal was an accomplice in villainy. Public sympathy was with him, and he was acquitted.

Also exonerated was the Baronne d'Oliva, who impersonated the Queen.

But the Count de Lamotte-Valois was sent to the gallows, and Jeanne was sentenced to be flogged, to be branded with a V (for voleuse—thief) and imprisoned for life.

The public execution of her sentence excited universal sympathy. Even members of the nobility visited her in prison and brought her gifts. When she escaped from the jail and fled to England, the people of Paris said the Queen ordered her freed.

They were convinced that Marie Antoinette had purchased the diamond necklace, and that Jeanne had first been her agent and afterwards a sacrifice to the royal reputation.

The hostile by-standers thought of kindly Jeanne as they watched the Queen die on the scaffold.

Next week John Erskine will describe another famous enchantress.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



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A SURVEY of vital statistics on debutante stag lines reveals the surprising fact that a girl has a much better chance of finding her Dream Prince at a strawberry social than at a swank cotillion ball.

The boys a girl meets at her debut she usually has met before, at school dances—and passed up. Often they are engaged, dull or over-age. The stags with personality, good looks and husbandly possibilities are almost gone.

Only in New York, which this year is producing 300 debutantes and twice as many parties, does the stag line retain some of the "surprise packages."

Boston, San Francisco and Chicago have swung back to the old tradition that Family & Fortune are more important than Charm in picking the stag line personnel.

In Baltimore it is virtually impossible to bluff or sneak a stag into the invitation lists. In the City of White Steps, the Bachelors Cotillion has complete control over stag line and debutante alike.

A debutante must pass the rigid

WHO PICKS The Stag Line?

By Lee Carson

requirements based on blood lines and social position to bow at the Cotillion and the scrutiny of the stag line is equally careful.

No Baltimore boy is eligible for the stag line list unless he has lived three consecutive years elsewhere and has the sponsorship of the august Cotillion board or inherits his membership from his father.

The two-part Cotillion—the first a

formal ball to introduce the chosen debutantes, and the second a slightly less hidebound affair—take place annually in the old Lyric Theatre. The average age of the patrons is well over 40.

New York is the last real stamping ground of the stag with more personality and pep than social position. But social secretaries insist that their lists of 1800 "reasonably well-in-

vestigated" stags will be drastically slashed next year.

The Manhattan debs disagree, however. If a boy is reasonably personable, the debutantes insist, they can get his name from the top boys' schools, social register or other accepted invitation lists. Every deb likes to have four stags she can call her own in any line and the determination to thus insure popularity accounts for many of the social unknowns who are setting bids to the subscription and charity balls.

The social secretaries who make up the lists allow the debutantes to vote on whether or not each nominee is "eligible." The debutantes vote through any boy recommended by a friend—or, if not a friend, a girl with "good taste in men."

The New York girls enjoy added chances of finding a Dream Prince because of the custom of inviting West Point and Annapolis cadets to dress up the larger balls. Last year the "Winter Ball" subscription dance even went so far as to invite all the East Coast football heroes. This enlivened the stag line and the ball considerably.

Chicago, rapidly returning to the days of the formal debut and the guaranteed stag line, has had a struggle revamping its invitation lists. Some of the "right" boys preferred the New York debut season and with only two social secretaries

Although Social Secretaries Pick Only Blue Bloods in Most Cities, More and More Debs Are Insisting That Personality Be the Top Requirement

checking up on names submitted, quite a few stags of doubtful background turn up on the Chicago lists. Many more go in for "gate crashing." In Chicago it is not even necessary to own a set of white-tie-and-tails and few parents hire a door-checker versed in the art of spotting crashers. But the debutantes themselves, being less "sophisticated" than their Manhattan counterparts, frown on stags not endorsed by "the right people."

Tradition-steeped Boston, oddly enough, lets Harvard University do most of the separating of sheep from goats. The Back Bay social secretary, Mrs. F. Cobb Chilton, annually plumps out her stag line list with additions of Harvard boys who make the university's exclusive clubs.

If a boy makes one of the blue-chip clubs, Mrs. Chilton and her debutante clients assume he has been investigated and found acceptable. Upwards of 60 per cent of the Boston stag liners are unknown out-of-towners with only a membership in Harvard clubs to recommend them.

San Francisco, like Baltimore, introduces its daughters to adult society via large and formal cotillions. The West Coast version is only slightly less careful in its selection of stags than Baltimore and also believes in blood lines and long acquaintance.

Following the old, accepted pattern that the boys who met the debutantes at the right dancing schools make the most acceptable stags, San Francisco's unofficial social arbiter, charming and well-bred Mrs. Nion Tucker, recruits the bulk of the stag line from the Bachelor's Club.

This group of stagliners consists of the West Coast's most eligible bachelors and changes annually, according to past performance. Mrs. Tucker and her cotillion board supplement the Bachelor's Club list with names submitted by very responsible and socially prominent citizens.

The boy who makes the Cotillion lists is almost automatically included in all debutante parties calling for a stag line. But the West is cautious about its stags. No football heroes or playboys need apply.

The society girl in search of a Dream Prince and the boy interested in playing the debut season had better go east. New York is the likeliest happy hunting ground—for deb and stag alike.



Mary Jane Lundbeck, One of New York's Current Crop of 300 to Come Out This Year, Will Find Army and Navy Cadets and Even Football Heroes on the Stag Line.

MAX SHOOP'S *Lingering* MISSION



By Irving Johnson

WHEN Max Shoop left on his mission to Unoccupied France in the summer of 1942, his wife, Betty, was sure he'd come back to her some day.

Unlike so many other wives and sweethearts, she didn't worry about the mademoiselles from Paris, or Armentieres, or wherever her husband's OSS assignment might take him.

Her Max was beyond all that. A noted international lawyer, he was almost 60 when he left and looked older. Besides he was large and baldish and had been married 27 years. No man, it seemed, could be more immune to feminine blandishments.

Mrs. Shoop knows better now. Max hasn't come home yet and says he isn't going to any more.

His heart, he says, belongs to a petite Parisienne named Odette. He's 62 now and Odette's only 32, but he insists she's the only woman in the world for him and that he'll marry her as soon as it can be arranged.

He and the lovely Odette, then the wife of a Paris art gallery owner, met in Switzerland after the German occupation of all of France had ended his government activities there.

It wasn't long before love was in full bloom on the Alpine slopes and Odette and Max were dreaming of matrimony. Odette sued her husband for divorce and Max asked his wife in New York to give him his freedom.

He persuaded a friend, William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador to Russia and France, to be his John Alden in reverse—to explain the situation to his wife. When Bullitt arrived at her home with a letter from Max, Mrs. Shoop says, it was the first time she heard of her husband's new attachment.

With His Sweetheart Snuggling Close to His Side the Lawyer Wrote His Wife From Paris: "My Very Dear Betty, Something New and Greater Has Come Into My Life. I Can't Live Without Odette."

That was in August, 1945, and the letter acknowledged Max's infatuation for Odette and suggested that Mrs. Shoop might find it easy to get a divorce from him in New York.

Mrs. Shoop says she cabled her husband that she was "shocked and bewildered" and that he wrote her again in September.

In this letter, he addressed her as "My very dear Betty" and professed his love and affection for her. But, he explained, "something new and greater has come into my life. I can't live without Odette. We must be together—and we want to have a child. This means that you and I must separate. And how shall we live? There is only one possible course."

He suggested that maybe Betty didn't want to return to Paris (the Shoops had lived there previously) since living conditions were deplorable and he had just been named as correspondent by the defense in Odette's divorce proceeding against her husband.

He'd be happy to have her near by, however, he wrote, "and to be old

pals, as many divorced couples are, and to see each other lots."

He also assured her that Odette would be cordial to her and that she'd like Odette. He described Odette as very sensitive and very sensible, "except that she has been foolish enough to fall deeply in love with a man who could easily be her father."

He wound up by renewing his request that she divorce him in New York.

Mrs. Shoop refused to act and in April, 1946, Max brought suit against her in Paris. In New York, she moved to restrain him from seeking a divorce outside of New York State.

"His attempt to sue me for a divorce in France," she declared, "is simply the desperate act of a spouse who wishes to be free of his marriage, but has no ground therefor."

But the Supreme Court denied her motion and she lost an appeal to the higher Appellate Division.

In her papers, Mrs. Shoop says she and Max were married in Philadelphia in 1915 and moved to Paris in 1928 when he was made head of the European office of Sullivan and Cromwell,

prominent Wall Street legal firm.

They left Paris at the time of the German occupation in 1940 and, after months in Madrid, returned to New York in December. He was sent on his government mission in August, 1942. In 1945—after meeting and planning to marry Odette—he became a Paris partner of Coudert Freres.

"Although I have not seen my husband since he went abroad in 1942," says Mrs. Shoop, "it had been my constant expectation and desire that he would return to me in New York or that I would join him in Paris."

Mrs. Shoop, who admits she is the same age as her husband, is the daughter of the late Fleming H. Revell, millionaire New York religious and hymn book publisher.

Her brother, Fleming H. Revell, Jr., was a principal in a spectacular matrimonial case back in 1929. He was granted a divorce from his wife, Marian, after witnesses had testified about her reputed indiscretions with the family chauffeur.

A few days later, the ex-Mrs. Revell and the chauffeur were arrested following a boisterous celebration of her \$79,000 settlement. The chauffeur was sent to jail for 30 days and Mrs. Revell, collapsing in court, got a suspended sentence.

By way of bringing her own case up to date, Mrs. Shoop says that she has learned that Odette has already divorced her husband and is waiting for Max to get his decree.

Mrs. Shoop says they can expect no help from her.

"I do not care," she explains, "to have another woman parading around as Mrs. Max Shoop."

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

By Gene Coughlin

THEODORE (TED) MARBURG, JR., was the despair of ambitious mothers with debutante daughters at the time of World War I.

The daughters sighed as they contemplated the tall, dark and handsome young man with the dashing mustache. The mothers, in Baltimore and London society, fretted and fumed as they contemplated his wealth and social position.

He had everything—except a willingness to embrace a career as a husband. Every time it appeared he was weakening, he departed abruptly from the drawing rooms of two continents to be reunited with one of his two true loves; a ranch in Arizona or an airplane in England.

Mothers and daughters sighed in unison:

"He will never marry."

But he did marry—twice. One union to end in mystery, one in tragedy. The mention of his name today, 25 years after his death, causes many a matron in Baltimore and London to revive the question that will never be answered:

"I wonder, if he had married me, what would have happened?"

His father, Theodore Marburg, Sr., was one of Baltimore's leading citizens when young Ted was growing to manhood.

The elder Marburg had inherited a large portion of a tobacco fortune, and when the firm,

was sold in 1891, he retired to study international affairs and write books on history and finance.

Regular visitors at the Marburg home on Baltimore's Mount Vernon place were William Howard Taft and his family. The friendship started when Taft was a judge, lasted during his terms as Governor General of the Philippines, Secretary of War, and, eventually, President.

When Helen Taft made her debut at Balti-

more's Bachelors Cotillon, the Marburg family acted as her sponsor. When President Taft wanted an able man to serve as Ambassador to Belgium in 1912, Theodore Marburg was appointed.

Ted Marburg was 18 when his father's appointment was confirmed, and he had a mind of his own. Instead of going to Brussels with his family, he went to Arizona, to finish his preparatory schooling at the Evans Ranch School.

He had no time for romance, but his beautiful sister, Christine, did. In Europe she met Jonkheer Alidius Warmoldus Lambertus Tjarda von Starckenburgh-Stachemwer, then secretary of the Dutch legation in Brussels; married him in 1915 in Baltimore after he had been sent to Washington.

Theodore Marburg served nearly two years as Ambassador and was succeeded by Brand Whitlock, appointee of President Wilson.

So much for young Ted's impressive background. To return to him as an individualist—

From Arizona he went to England, enrolled at Oxford, and embraced his second love: aviation.

He was just learning to fly the biplanes of 1914 when the World War broke out. With his fellow students he offered his services to England.

Heartbreaks

Illustrated by
WATSON LITTLE



**The War Bird Who
Had Dazzled Debutantes
Died Alone
and Mysteriously
While Preparing His
Mexican Ranch
House for His
New Bride.**

Of Society

The Handsome and Wealthy Baltimore Socialite Pursued Happiness Until It Came Within Reach and Then It Was Too Late

His classmates were accepted, but the British government pigeon-holed young Marburg's application. After all, he was not a British subject.

But the government reconsidered as the months went by and he was assigned to the Royal Flying Corps, as the fledgling air corps was known.

After intensive training in England he was sent to France in the autumn of 1915 and his daring won him the respect of fighting men on both sides of No Man's Land.

His daring, likewise, caused his frail craft to crash over the front lines of Northern France in December, 1915. British Tommies removed him from the crushed cockpit and carried him back to a field hospital.

Surgeons first concentrated on head injuries as the more serious, then discovered blood poisoning in his crushed leg. They amputated—and dashing Ted Marburg was informed he must say good-by to his two loves, horseback riding and flying. All this at 22.

He grinned and told the doctors they were wrong as they loaded him on a hospital ship bound for England and prolonged hospital treatments.

BALTIMORE newspapers published pictures of the young hero, along with the comment that he would be returning home soon, and beautiful young ladies announced bravely that they would be proud to dedicate their lives to the handsome young man, despite his handicap. At least, his heart had escaped unscathed. But it didn't.

Young Marburg came back to the United States in 1916, not only with a wife but with a three-year-old stepdaughter. His father, who had rushed to England when notified of Ted's crash, helped make the introductions.

The bride had been the Baroness Geselle de Vavario, a beautiful Belgian divorcee, and they had met in England.

"Had she nursed him back to health?"

"Not quite that dramatic, or romantic," Ted grinned. "We met before I left for France."

Baltimore society liked the petite brunette bride and feted her continuously while her hero husband was in Johns Hopkins Hospital for further treatment. His furlough ended, in November, 1916, he went back to England to rejoin the Royal Flying Corps as instructor and recruiting officer.

Mrs. Theodore Marburg, Jr., joined him later.

When the war ended in November, 1918, he was on instruction duty at Shoreham, near Brighton, where his wife was living.

But, when he came back to the United States, he came alone. The former baroness never did rejoin him.

It was explained that she had remained in France to take the baths at Trouville; an explanation that caused many a pencilled eyebrow to lift.

Baltimore busied in an effort to take young Marburg's mind off his "troubles," but he didn't tarry long in his home town.

After the loss of his leg he had sought vainly to be restored as a pilot, but the handicap had grounded him. And the loss of one love, flying, along with an unsuccessful marriage prompted him to turn to ranch life, again.

This time he passed up Arizona and went to Mexico as assistant manager of a large rancho.

None of the Marburg friends was surprised when, in August, 1921, Theodore Marburg, Jr., was divorced in Santa Cruz county, Arizona, the grounds being abandonment by his Belgian wife. His father made this statement:

"Mrs. Marburg and I are reconciled to the situation. It seemed impossible to achieve an adjustment of the Baroness' Latin temperament with my son's temperament. She refused to live the ranch life in Mexico with him; never went there, in fact; and divorce was decided as the best

way to settle everything."

After the divorce, young Marburg returned to Baltimore, where he again confounded those who had maintained he was not the marrying type. He wooed and won beautiful Harriet de Forrest Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, of the wealthy Baltimore banking family.

In addition to her Baltimore background, she was a niece of Mrs. Stanley Field, and also a niece of Mrs. Honore Palmer of Chicago's powerful Potter Palmer family.

THE wedding, early in 1922, was naturally the major social event of the Baltimore season. After the honeymoon, friends wondered, out loud, where the couple would make their home. Would the new Mrs. Marburg be content to leave her gay social life to settle down on an isolated ranch?

The young couple answered the question in a matter of fact manner. Harriet would remain in Baltimore until Ted could visit the ranch and do a little modernizing around the ranch house. When this had been accomplished, probably in a few weeks, his bride would join him.

Ted went to Mexico, made out his first shopping list, and then drove into the near-by town of Magdalena to make his purchases.

In the store he admired a pistol, bought it, and started for his car.

A few minutes later there was a sharp explosion, and the storekeeper rushed out to find

TRAGIC MYSTERY OF THE WOUNDED EAGLE



the young American unconscious in the automobile, a bullet wound in his head.

Death took place within the week. Doctors attending him at the hospital said he would have been totally blind had he lived.

Mexican authorities convened a coroner's inquest and heard a variety of stories, one to the effect that Marburg had slipped a cartridge into the new pistol and had released the hammer in some way, discharging the weapon.

The version officially accepted said that the revolver he customarily carried had slipped from its holster as his crutches skidded beneath him; that the gun struck the running board and released the hammer. It was testified he had the trigger set for emergency use. What emergency?

His Mexican friends and neighbors shook their heads, explained he was the most popular American in the state of Sonora; had no enemies.

His bride, his father and an aunt arrived too late to see him alive. They brought the body back to Baltimore for burial.

FIVE years later Ted Marburg's widow married wealthy John Wentworth of Chicago. They hunted big game on an African honeymoon, brought back two cheetah cubs as pets and gained public attention when the animals bit a Chicago policeman and a delivery boy.

The marriage ended in divorce and Harriet Marburg Wentworth married Edward L. Hersey of St. Paul in 1942, took up residence in Sarasota, Fla. Ted's father died in March, 1946, while in Vancouver, B. C.

His first wife, the ex-Baroness de Vavario, dropped into obscurity in her native Belgium.

And in the village of Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, old ranchers bow their heads as they pass the spot where likable Ted Marburg, Jr., received his fatal wound. To the question: What could he, a man who knew guns and how to handle them, have been thinking about to be so careless with them? They give a brief answer:

"Quien sabe? (Who knows?)"

Perhaps, they add, he had his eyes upon the skies and his head was in the clouds. After all, he did have the look of the eagle.

Another "Heartbreaks of Society" story will appear in an early issue of The American Weekly.

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Long Romantic Life of DR. ROBERTS

By Warren Hall

FARM animals have brought a fortune to 81-year-old Dr. David Roberts, but women have brought him little except trouble—from the prim school teacher who shot and killed his first wife 30 years ago to the pretty 34-year-old divorcee whose "love associations" with the white-haired veterinarian were cited by his third wife in obtaining a divorce the other day in Waukesha, Wis.

The teacher was Grace Lusk. At 38 Grace was an old maid who had never had a sweetheart and who had worked so hard to obtain a bachelor of philosophy degree that she was just recovering from a nervous breakdown.

She had accepted a teaching job in the high school at Waukesha, where Dr. Roberts, one-time state veterinarian, owns one of the country's largest mail-order dispensaries of patent medicines for farm animals. Their romance began in 1915 when Dr. Roberts asked her to edit a "cow book" he had written and, during a conference, suddenly kissed her.

It was the first kiss of love in her barren life, and when an attorney asked her three years later on the witness stand, "What did you do, Miss Lusk?" she looked up defiantly and replied:

"I kissed him back."

A new life opened up for the re-born spinster. For two years she and the doctor took trips on an average of once a month to Chicago and Milwaukee and saw each other "very frequently" in Waukesha. He told her, she said, that he loved her more

The 81-Year-Old Veterinarian Successfully Treated All Kinds of Animals, but When It Came to Women the Diagnosis Spelt Trouble — And Plenty of It.

every day, that he hadn't loved his wife for years and that he would get a divorce so they could marry.

In the spring of 1917, after he had stalled again and again, she took a pistol from her purse and made him swear, on a Bible, that he would break with his wife before June 15. He didn't. Instead, he told his wife that Miss Lusk was infatuated with him and was "chasing him."

Mrs. Roberts vowed she'd put an end to that. The doctor tried desperately to prevent a meeting between the two women, and when he learned that his wife had gone to the teacher's home, he hurried to the house. Mrs. Roberts, shot through the heart, was dead on the living room floor. He heard another shot upstairs and ran for the police. When they arrived, Grace was sitting at the head of the stairs with blood flowing from a wound in her chest. She held the officers at bay with the pistol while she dictated a statement about the doctor's broken promises. Then she staggered to her room and shot herself again.

Neither bullet was fatal. She recovered to be convicted of second degree murder in May, 1918, with Dr. Roberts as the leading witness for the prosecution. Using a little black diary to refresh his memory, he gibbered a list of their meetings in various hotels.

A judge sentenced her to 19 years at hard labor and promised, at the same time, "to see that Dr. Roberts gets the punishment he deserves." He turned the record of the trial over to Milwaukee authorities, with the result that the doctor got a year's term in the house of correction there for immoral conduct.

Grace was pardoned because of her ill health after serving only five years, and died on Sept. 9, 1930, after an unsuccessful marriage to some-



One Little Stolen Kiss Was All the Doctor Needed to Pursue a Love Which Ended in the Slaying of His Wife, and Prison for His Sweet-heart and Himself.

one identified only as "a professional man of good standing."

Meanwhile, in 1922, Dr. Roberts had married Violet Carlstedt of Waukesha. Newspapers and friends throughout the country received restated announcements with pictures of the bride and groom and the New York City church in which the wedding took place. The announcements were prepared by an advertising agency hired to do the job.

In 1939, four years after Violet died, Dr. Roberts married his 48-year-old secretary. It wasn't a very happy union because, Mrs. Theresa Roberts said, her generous boss was a miserly husband. She said he gave her only \$5 a week to live on, objected to her hospitalization after she broke her knee-cap, didn't want to hire a nurse at \$12 a week to help her after her return home, and hid the household meat in the garage so the nurse couldn't have any.

She said he tried to get an ironing board to carry her from the hospital

to their home so he wouldn't have to hire an ambulance for \$10.

But it was another woman who was blamed for the final break-up. In counter-charges to her husband's divorce complaint, Mrs. Roberts declared he had been improperly associating "for the last several years" with Mrs. Betty Walker, 34, and very attractive.

At one point, she said, she picked up the telephone to call Mrs. Walker "and have it out with her," but Dr. Roberts grabbed the phone from her hands.

"I said, 'Well, Doctor, if that's the way it is, I think I ought to have \$100,000 for the grief and humiliation you've caused me.'"

The doctor gave her a promissory note for that amount, she said, but later he effected a reconciliation and tore it up.

At the trial Deputy Sheriff Mike Lombardi testified he found Dr. Roberts and Mrs. Walker embracing in the rear seat of a car parked in

the woods. When he asked what was going on, he said the doctor replied:

"I'm prescribing for a sick horse."

"I told the doctor that was a heck of a way to make out a prescription and advised them to move on."

Donald Mark, 18, who worked on a farm where Mrs. Walker spent considerable time, said Dr. Roberts was a visitor almost every day.

"Mrs. Walker would signal him by waving a white flour sack from the barn and Dr. Roberts would join her there for an hour or two," he said.

Although the doctor's original charge was that his wife had falsely accused him of associations with other women, Mrs. Roberts said he was the one who was unduly suspicious. Plump and matronly, she smiled grimly on the stand as she laid out his insinuations that she had misbehaved with every man who came near the house, even a visiting clergyman.

In granting the divorce, Judge Edward J. Gehl said it would take him several weeks to decide how much Mrs. Roberts ought to have of the doctor's wealth, officially fixed by the court at \$279,000.

She still thought \$100,000 would be a proper figure.

Illustrated By NORMAN MINGO

Lady BOOKIE



By Watson Crews, Jr.

EVEN today many spectators are startled when they see a white-haired lady standing calmly among the excited, gesticulating bookmakers who shout their odds "on the rails" at Ascot and Epsom and other famous British race courses.

It's hard to believe that Mrs. Helen Vernet hasn't strayed accidentally from the enclosure where women who look much less aristocratic and dress much less stylishly than she are chatting with dignified escorts. It's difficult to realize that this charming, smiling matron has been a "bookie" for more than 30 years, that she started on a borrowed five bob—the equivalent of a dollar—and now takes as many as 5,000 bets a day.

There was a time almost half a century ago when it seemed likely that she would be successful in a far different field—the stage. She was only 16 then but she was already playing small parts with such famous actors as Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander and Sir Charles Wyndham. She was sure that she would never leave the footlights.

Across them, night after night, she saw a tall, sandy-haired man with a close-cropped moustache and wide gray eyes. He was always in a front-row seat and he watched her every moment she was on the stage. Whenever she looked at him, he smiled.

One night he came to her dressing room and introduced himself. He was George Vernet, a broker with a seat on the Stock Exchange. She was only 17 when they were married after a whirlwind courtship.

For many years they lived on a lavish scale, entertained widely and moved in top-flight London society. One morning Vernet informed his wife that a series of bad investments had wiped him out. They were virtually penniless.

"I stayed awake most of that night," Helen Vernet says, "and just before morning I decided what I wanted to do. I had been at many race tracks and I had often wanted to bet, but, like most women, I didn't like to approach the row of rough men along the rail. Why not a bookmaker for women, circulating among them so they could make their bets without being conspicuous?"

"I told my husband about my idea and he scoffed at it. So did most of my friends in whom I confided, but I was still confident that it would work."

She obtained an introduction to Arthur Bendir, a member of Ladbroke's, one of England's leading bookmaking firms.

"To my surprise and joy, he said he would give me a trial. I could start the next day at Sandown Park. He advanced me some money for the first day's wagers, but I didn't dare

tell him that I didn't have the five bob that my railroad ticket would cost. I borrowed that from a friend."

Mrs. Vernet hadn't realized that it is unlawful in England to take bets anywhere except at the spot where the bookmakers congregate. She wandered among her friends in the enclosure, mentioning her new calling, but that day she only had five clients. She lost about two dollars.

The next day she made a small profit and many new customers. As she sauntered slowly through the throng, women would hand her slips of paper with their bets listed. After each race she would collect or pay off as unostentatiously as possible.

It was a nice arrangement while it lasted because women race-goers apparently had been waiting for just such an opportunity to bet without attracting attention. The end came one rainy day at Ascot while Mrs. Vernet strolled through the paddock between showers.

"I had happily been taking bets and stuffing the slips into my bag when suddenly I felt two strong hands on my arms. 'Come with us,' said one of the two big men on either side of me. They were race-course officials. I was taken to the office."

"They told me I was violating the law and threatened to turn me over to the police if I ever did it again, but worst of all they took all my slips away from me. I burst into tears. The disgrace of being arrested was nothing compared with the thought that I would be unable to pay off my clients."

"They were very tough men, but the sight of a woman sobbing must have softened them a little. Finally they gave me back the slips on my promise to stay out of the enclosure thereafter, so I was able to make good on all my bets."

Mrs. Vernet had two choices. She could abandon bookmaking entirely or she could join the professionals in the betting ring, something that no woman had dared to do before. She decided to try it.

"They were very rude to me at first," she recalls. "They said that since I couldn't go to the women any more, and the women would have to come to me, I wouldn't have any customers. But they were wrong. And when they saw that I was there to stay, we became friends. I've discovered that a bookmaker's heart is as big as his voice is loud."

Today Mrs. Vernet handles about \$150,000 worth of bets a year. Most of her customers are women, and she likes their patronage.

"Once in a while they bet on favorites," she says, "but usually they go for the long-shots. They're extremely superstitious. Instead of form charts, they rely on hunches based on auto license numbers or colors or dreams. They like to bet on every race, but when they're ahead they'll stop—unfortunately for me!"

"Husbands can be assured that the housekeeping money is safe. Unlike men, women don't plunge."

"They bet within their means and you can be certain they make good use of their winnings."

A widow now, Mrs. Vernet keeps a place in the country but she is able to get to it only two or three nights a week during the racing season. She doesn't want to marry again. She's afraid her next husband might turn into a horse-player.

**When Mrs. Vernet
Started in Business
She Had to Borrow
Her Fare to the Track
— Now She Takes
5,000 Bets a Day for
a Yearly Handle
of \$150,000**

Illustrated by O. F. SCHMIDT

LOUISE TRACY'S Labor of Love

By Harry H. Morgan

By Patiently Teaching Her Son to Conquer His Deafness the Wife of the Movie Star Has Found That Parents Must Be Educated to Overcome a Child's Handicap.

TO Louise Treadwell Tracy It was as though the universe had crashed around her.

"Nerve deafness cause unknown," was the brief notation the doctor scribbled on the case file card of her baby son, John.

This terse diagnosis confirmed a long-nurtured fear of Louise and her young actor-husband, Spencer Tracy—the blue-eyed, smiling, 10-month-old child never had heard their murmured phrases of affection, and he never would hear their voices as long as he lived.

The doctor sensed the turmoil in Louise Tracy's mind.

"Yes, he's deaf. He never will hear," he said, gently. "But that needn't stop him from being a normal child who will live and play and grow as normally as a hearing child. And it's your responsibility, not his. It is up to you to open the way for him with patience, understanding and by treating him as if he were not deaf."

That was nearly 23 years ago. The heartened young parents made the prescription work. And now they have a handsome, alert, talented son, ambitious to become a cartoonist, and who is now completing his education at a Los Angeles art school.

And although he cannot hear, John Tracy has mastered speech and lip reading and carries on a conversation without effort. Nor is he ill at ease on a dance floor. Sensitive to vibrations, he absorbs the rhythmic

beat of dance bands from the floor.

Louise Tracy has not rested because, after years of diligent training, her son's life has been routed into normal channels. She now spends most of her time helping the young parents of deaf and hard-of-hearing children surmount the problems which seem so tragically great.

Since 1912 she has been the director of the John Tracy Clinic on the campus of the University of Southern California—an agency devoted to the training of deaf children, of preschool age, and, most important of all, the training of their parents.

"The clinic," said Mrs. Tracy, "like Topsy, was never born, 'just grewed.'"

It began at a conference on training the deaf at USC. Mrs. Tracy's natural interest in the subject compelled her to attend, not as a participant, but as just a member of the audience. There she met a group of young mothers, all grasping eagerly for any information that would lead them from the void of bewilderment.

Suddenly, although she never had scientifically trained her own son, but had learned by trial and error how to teach the deaf to communicate, Louise Tracy realized that she could help.

Never a clubwoman, never an organizer in the past, she enlisted the aid of 13 interested parents, gained the support of USC and of many Los Angeles leaders in civic and club affairs, and founded the clinic.

In five years, the clinic has served over 2,000 parents and children both in classes and consultations, and throughout the world by means of a correspondence course.

Louise Tracy is quick to point out that the clinic is not the only one of its kind in the world.

"But we do feel we are unique in that we concentrate chiefly on parent education," she said. "For no matter how the child is educated, or where public school, private school, or tutor—the parents are the most important factor in that child's education. Theirs is the initial instruction. Every word they say to him, everything they do for him, everything they do that he can see, is instruction."

"The same can be said about every hearing child, of course, but all of this is far more important for the parents of deaf children to remember."

"His reactions, his character, his belief in people, his friendliness and interest, his cooperation with his

teachers and the people he meets; in fact, his whole future life is dependent on what happens to him at home during the first three or four years."

Mother and child enter the clinic as a unit. Each child has 30 minutes of compensatory training daily. This includes sense training, speech reading and speech preparatory work.

One day a week the mother observes nursery school routine and technique as well as the work done by the special teacher for the deaf.

As in most other nursery schools the children arrive at 9 a. m. They leave after naptime, about 3 p. m.

In addition to their day for observation, the nursery school mothers attend weekly classes in child psychology and speech, the formation and development of sounds.

"The philosophy behind our approach to giving deaf children communication is rooted in the belief that it should follow the pattern set by the hearing baby," Mrs. Tracy said.

"We believe the deaf baby should be given at least the same opportunity of being exposed to a constant flow of language for a year before we begin to ask him for speech."

First, she said, comes understanding of language and then, lip movement without sound in imitation.

"The child from babyhood learns the vibrations of words by placing his hand on his mother's face as she talks," Mrs. Tracy explained. "Then, without warning, the imitative sound bursts forth when he feels the need to communicate and he learns to talk."

As she talks, the enthusiasm of Louise Tracy is undisguised. With every sentence on the subject of training deaf children she seems to recall her own experience with John as he developed—from the confusion that beset his parents that day 23 years ago when they knew he would never hear—into a normal youth.

And now, her own problem solved, Louise Tracy watches happily as the children at the clinic develop day by day. She experiences the same joy at progress as the child's own mother. And she dreams of a day when the rankling cliché "deaf and dumb" will be a discarded idiom.

"There is no such thing as a mute child," she says. "They all have voices. It's a matter of education. And they all can be taught to speak."

At the Clinic Mrs. Spencer Tracy Teaches Children to Associate Pictures With Words With the Aid of a Jigsaw Device.





**If a Husband Likes to Be
the Life of the Party and
Always on the Go, Says
Dr. Burgess, Then . . .**

Will Your

By Philip Drew

FOR lovers, young and aging, here is a good word. Men of science at last have a documented answer to an urgent, plaintive question as old as love.

The question is, "How can we know that our love will last?" The answer is, "If you know it is nourished on mutual likes and dislikes, your chances are good. If you are counting on love at first sight and an impetuous romance, you stand to lose."

If a couple agree on boogie woogie and table manners and a great number of things in between, they are more likely to be happy in marriage than if they try to build their future on a whirlwind courtship.

The conclusions are based on a 10-year study of 1,000 couples, first engaged and later married. Dr. Ernest W. Burgess, a bachelor and Professor of Sociology of the University of Chicago, directed the work.

His findings permit science to defy moonlight and soft music, and offer a formula for forecasting any two individuals' chances of lasting love and the home of their dreams.

Dr. Burgess and his researchers talked to 1,000 couples and had them answer questionnaires. Years later, after the couples had been married, many of them were questioned again.

The Burgess forecasts of their happiness or unhappiness largely came true, and the reason

was good. He had asked the young people fundamental and intimate questions. He had wanted to know (with each person's replies kept in confidence) what their attitudes were toward religion, physical attraction for each other, the number of children desired, the handling of incomes, and the matter of whose word in a household finally should be the last and deciding one.

He didn't leave out moonlight and music, either. He asked each to answer truthfully (with out the other's knowledge).

"Are you head-over-heels in love, very much in love, somewhat in love, or undecided whether it is love or not?"

Then, rating all the answers to the many questions, he came to his conclusions mathematically. This couple had a fine chance, another couple had only a fair chance, another couple really shouldn't marry.

"The couples whose questionnaires indicated good adjustment have, in the majority of cases, remained together and established happy homes," he reports.

Take the George Watsons (probably one of many by that name) of Chicago. Professor Burgess mentions them as having had mathematical omens of good luck away back when they were engaged and looking forward to marriage.

They agreed then on money matters, recreations, demonstration of affection, friends and religion. They held identical ideas on table manners and on ways of arranging for their wedding and dealing with their families afterward.

In short, Dr. Burgess reports, each seemed to have the same general philosophy of living. He predicted then that they would live a rich and satisfying life.

They were married. They forgot all about the strange, detailed questionnaires that the sociologist had induced them to fill out when they were engaged. Then, years later, the sociologist turned up again, and now he reports:

"When we found them, we came upon a completely happy home. They had two children of their own and had adopted another."

Now, take another couple studied by Dr. Burgess. They were more puzzling personalities and their future was one inviting study.

The young man, answering the questionnaire,

said he expected to be boss of the family. The young woman, answering her questionnaire, said she expected the bossing to be done 50-50. The young man's father had told him, "It's up to the husband to run things and up to the wife to submit." He'd agreed with that.

The young woman had deeply in her mind and heart the idea that a husband and wife should talk things over, compromise, and come finally to agreement, one giving in something at one time, another giving in something at another time.

The young woman wanted to continue working after marriage. The young man did not want her to do this, although he had no savings.

They disagreed about friends, and abstract ideas, and personal objectives. She wanted a child, and he didn't.

Yet, they said, they were in love. They could not do without each other, so they were married. Dr. Burgess (all in secrecy) forecast black clouds soon above their home.

THEY, like the other couple, did not give the questionnaires a thought for years, and then again there was Dr. Burgess, an inquiring man.

He found those doomed young people under the clouds he had foreseen for them. They quarreled violently and often, mostly, the young wife said, because her husband insisted on being a dictator.

He had made her give up her job. He had ordered her way of life. She felt frustrated and embittered.

"When I visited her," Dr. Burgess says, "I found her health weakened. She was beset with headaches, nervousness and fatigue."

Happiness, long since, in that home had vanished. Regret had taken its place. The young wife never admitted it outside her own walls. She said she would rather live with the zest for living gone than she would to seek a divorce and face the unspoken disapproval of her friends.

In another Burgess story of the life and times of a couple in love, the questionnaires themselves had an unusual effect. Professor Burgess thinks of it as an odd example of how acute queries can make a man do some thinking he never did before.

"We found out that the parents of both the young woman and the young man had been unhappily married," Dr. Burgess says. "The young couple came from homes broken by divorce."

"The young man was high tempered. The

girl, in the engagement period, admitted she was greatly irritated by his tantrums."

Those facts, with others that indicated the couple had temperaments which clashed, made their statistical future dubious. The conclusions, provided by the answered questionnaires were that an unhappy marriage lay ahead.

THEY, too, married, and years later Dr. Burgess came into their lives again. Chart or no chart they were happy.

"We were a little surprised, but very gratified to get their marital questionnaire several years later," he reports. "We had predicted their marriage would end in divorce—and they were very happy."

"What we had not taken into account was this: Our questionnaire, probing into the individual weaknesses and pointing out the dangers, had made each of the two young people determined to make a success of their marriage."

The husband told me later that after filling out the questionnaire he had analyzed the reasons behind his parents' failure and divorce. He saw his father had always had a high temper. He determined to bride his own.

"He adopted a plan. Whenever he felt his temper rising, he would walk carefully out of the house, refrain from slamming the door and pace slowly around the block."

"Furthermore, he covenanted with his fiancée, to let no differences remain between them overnight."

"If a difference arose between him and her, it had to be settled, he said, before they went to sleep. (There, Dr. Burgess believes, he had come upon a fundamental of a happy home). In this way differences did not develop into chronic conflicts."

The young husband, after studying the questionnaire, had recalled the sad, old, futile money trouble between his mother and father. His father, he said, had leaped out dollar bills to his mother for household expenses as if he were conferring a favor. She, naturally, had often made a racket.

"So he determined," says Dr. Burgess, "to avoid that situation in his own home. He started a joint bank account with his wife and they

Somewhere Beyond the Magic of Lovers' Dreams Science Has Found a Realistic Formula to Test the Chances of Living Happily Ever After

"A high proportion of the couples who despite obvious differences shown in their questionnaires remained maladjusted, even though some of the homes have not yet broken up in divorce," Professor Burgess says.

"On the other hand, the couples whose questionnaires indicated good adjustment, in the majority of cases, have remained together and established happy homes."

His findings indicate, he says, that marriage counseling should be a required course of study in medical, theological and law schools. If it were, he points out, the professional men who serve the home most closely would be competent to give advice to couples who need it most.

He thinks that questions as personal as those as he asked in his series for both engaged couples and married people would be serviceable.

To engaged couples, for example, he inquired:

"How would you rate the physical appearance of your fiancé(e): Very good looking? Good looking? Fairly good looking? Plain looking? Very plain looking?"

He asked them what they thought about having children, one, or two, or more. He probed deeply their church activity and their background of education.

To married couples, he inquired:

"What is your attitude toward your mother-in-law: Like her very much? Considerably? Somewhat? A little? Dislike her?"

"If children have been born to you, what effect have they had on your happiness?"

"To what extent do you think you knew your mate's weak points before marriage?"

"In leisure time, do you (or he) prefer to stay home, or be on the go?"

"How satisfied are you with your husband's present occupation?"

"Do you and your husband (or wife) share in outside interests?"

BESIDES teaching marriage facts in colleges, Dr. Burgess believes, specific information on social and hereditary facts that endanger marriage should be placed before high school students even as early as the freshman year.

Churches also could exert a favorable influence, Dr. Burgess says, by including a lesson on marital happiness in Sunday School manuals.

Clergymen, the Professor declares, could perform a particularly valuable service if they would break away from traditions and regard as their own problem the future of engaged couples whom they expect to join in marriage. They should require couples to receive practical and detailed marriage counseling before the wedding.

This counseling, he thinks, should take up the matter of their backgrounds, and he suggests that his own method of probing into the reasons for or against a certain marriage would be helpful.

Best of all, Professor Burgess believes, the pathway toward marriage should be started in high school. Give the boys and girls facts, he says. Try to make them think. If and when they do, there still will be intangibles to assail them.

With information, they will not be wholly defenseless, as so many have been before. They will be armored a little, anyway, against the dusk and the moonlight.

Marriage Last?

established a budget. They've never had a quarrel over money."

Both the husband and the wife, the Professor said, had been intelligent enough to foresee danger ahead, on the basis of the questionnaire, and to forestall it. The questions themselves had made an impression on their minds and served as marriage counselors.

Now, since the subject is older than the rocks, there is no dodging the possibility of the entry of "The Other Woman" into any marriage. The researchers realized that more than ever before when they made another check up on this same couple.

This couple had made a sensible effort to overcome various obstacles. They were making out well. Then there came a change.

"Three years later we made a routine check," Dr. Burgess says. "We found they had parted. The wife, grief-stricken, told me the story."

"It was the eternal triangle. Another woman had entered in, and the husband had left home."

SO THE Professor's mathematics in this case held good at the end. They had indicated the couple were not suited to each other. The couple had tried honestly to beat the figures.

Their marriage, weak at the foundation, could not defeat The Other Woman.

Among the 1,000 engaged couples studied, Dr. Burgess found that 15 per cent broke their engagement. Most of them, when questioned, said they had been only "somewhat in love."

Among these broken engagements, 36 per cent were due to the girls' rejection of the men; 24 per cent were due to the young men's decision.

After marriage, the Professor's study showed, men were more likely to be stable and happy if they had never had any steady girl other than the one they married.

Next in line with best chances of happiness (according to this single phase of the inquiry) were those who had had from one to five sweet hearts before marriage. Those who had had six or more weren't good risks at all.

Among girls, those who married their first and only sweetheart had the best chance of a good life; then those who had had only two sweet hearts; and then, strangely, those who had had six or more steady fellows before marriage.

His Wife Had Better Stop Being a Homebody or He Will Find Somebody Else and Then the Marriage Will Be Headed for Trouble.

Illustrated

by

WILLIAM RANDALL





I SAY
THIS TAX IS A
INSULT
TO
AMERICAN
WOMEN!

That's the way millions of women feel about the "SPITE TAX" on yellow margarine

Yes—thanks to a "spite tax" urged on Congress in 1902 by a selfish butter lobby—you housewives can't buy margarine the way you want it.

You want it yellow—but you get it white.

You want the margarine makers to color it right in the churn—a job they could do easily, at no cost to you! Instead you have to do it.

Here's how they slipped this fast one over, back in the days when women didn't have votes. The butter lobby worked hard to make you pay a tax of ten cents per pound on yellow margarine. They thought women wouldn't buy margarine if it were white.

But women *did*. Because margarine is so delicious, so economical, and the equivalent of butter in the important nutritional values—as our own Government food experts point out.

Of course, coloring it yourself isn't such a big job. But why—in this happy day of labor-saving devices and ready-to-serve foods—should you have to do it?

And don't let butter propagandists tell you

that tax is to help Uncle Sam. Nonsense! It costs him *more* to collect it than he gets in revenue. Don't let them tell you it's to protect you from having margarine "palmed off" as butter. Margarine is obliged—by law—to be plainly labeled as margarine. And is proud to be.

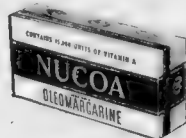
And don't let them tell you it's to protect you from artificial coloring—because most butter is artificially colored with the same approved ingredient used to color margarine. *And not taxed!*

No—there's no case against margarine. Everybody's for it. Editorial writers, home economists, dietitians, physiologists, and housewives! After all

Margarine's only crime is its economy!

Is economy a crime? If you think not—discuss the case for margarine with your friends. Bring it up before your clubs. American women have the right to know the facts. Now, more than ever, there's room—and need—for BOTH margarine and butter in this big country, of ours!

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TAKE THE "SPITE TAX" OFF OUR DAILY SPREAD!

Although
Vincent
Schaefer
Never Finished
School, His
Man-Made
Miracles Make
Scientists
Gasp

THE MAN WHO MADE IT *SNOW* and *RAIN*

SUPER-COOLED CLOUDS!

By Booton Herndon

THE young man had never finished high school, but he had demonstrated his ability by making some ingenious contraptions out of wood and metal. Other workers in the laboratory were impressed. The word got around—and that's how he got his big chance.

Recently that young man, Vincent J. Schaefer, did what scientists have been hoping could be done for a long, long time. He made it snow.

Schaefer's cubby-hole in the research laboratory of General Electric at Schenectady, N. Y., is just a few paces away from the office of Dr. Irving Langmuir, associate director of the laboratory, and a man whose honorary degrees and awards include the Nobel Prize.

Schaefer, who is Dr. Langmuir's assistant, is now considered, thanks to several thousand volumes in his home library, a thorough scientist, but it's still a matter of record that the first man in the history of the world to wrest snow out of clouds never even took high school physics.

"I was lucky," he said. "I had a lot of friends—they kept me going, kept me from getting discouraged."

Although he'd be the last person in the world to run down a formal education, Schaefer admits at times that his lack of education saves him time. Where a person with a little knowledge of physics or chemistry might mark an experiment down as impossible, Schaefer goes ahead and tries it. Sometimes it works, too.

"Everything Vince does is simple and practical," Dr. Langmuir says. "Many scientists might arrive at a conclusion by a roundabout, complicated system of theorizing, but Vince just begins at the beginning and goes through to the end."

Schaefer worked out the system by which he brings on a snowfall by beginning at the beginning. On hiking or skiing trips, he became interested in the formation of snow crystals.

Working on a military aviation problem, he had occasion to study clouds. He learned quite a bit about super-cooled clouds—masses of vapor whose temperature is below the freezing point, but which remains in an unfrozen state.

He began making these super-cooled clouds in the laboratory by the simple expedient of breathing into a cold chamber. One day he thought he'd try reducing the temperature of the below-freezing cloud.

He did, by the simple method of dropping in some dry ice. The cloud turned to crystals of snow. Thus Schaefer created his own snowstorm.

The next step was to try it out on a real cloud. In a G. E. plane, he set out one day on the trail of a pretty little cloud floating over the mountains 50 miles away. The cloud, supercooled and just right for the big test, was at an altitude of 14,000 feet. The plane could reach an altitude of only 12,000 feet.

"Just for the fun of it," Schaefer said, "I threw some dry ice out of the window of the plane, under the cloud. The next thing we knew, it was snowing. The chain reaction was enough."

Of course, Schaefer can't make a snowstorm on a clear-sunny day. He must have a supercooled cloud to seed with his dry ice.

From experiments growing out of Schaefer's discoveries, Dr. Langmuir has reported that now science can



Schaefer's Artificial Storms, Induced by the Action as Shown in the Drawing, May Abolish Hurricanes and Convert the Desert Into a Flowering Paradise.

make it rain. In clouds that are supercooled, the dry ice can be used instead of dry ice. The chain reaction will result in rain, provided that certain conditions are met, as a vertical air current, prevailing winds, etc.

Dr. Langmuir predicted that within a few years science, through its new rain making knowledge, could convert arid tracts such as that in Southern California into crop producing lands, and may even be able to abolish damage effects from hurricanes.

Schaefer quit school after his sophomore year in Schenectady high school to go to work and help support his large family. He got in the G. E. course to learn tool making.

All the time, he kept up his hobbies. He was co-editor of a magazine on archeological research, which, although put out by a bunch of kids, had a circulation among serious archeologists all over the world.

Also while an apprentice, he took a course in tree surgery, and quit the laboratory for a year or so to go into that field. He found out that working in the outdoors wasn't quite as fascinating as making a living indoors; so he went back to the laboratory.

He became interested in adult education, and the boy who never finished high school almost became a teacher. Because he had had stage fright when reading the valedictory in grammar school graduation exercises, he went in for public speaking, and frequently attended meetings of one kind or another seven days a week. He met the girl he married while on a cross-country hike.

During the depression, he and a brother bought a barn, tore it down, and built his house out of the timbers.

His greenhouse, where he plans to carry on plant experimentation, was given to him in exchange for some surgery on the owner's trees. He moved it himself.

The war just finished was significant for the speed and efficiency with which our army could camouflage any desired area from the enemy with a thick impenetrable smoke screen. This was due to the genius of Schaefer.

Once, when the laboratory was floundering, Schaefer went to a drug store, bought an oil can, put some petrolatum in it, heated it over a hot plate, and turned out exactly what was wanted.

It is the simplicity of all of Schaefer's inventions which provokes the admiration of great scientists like Langmuir.

When Schaefer got back from the first man-made snowstorm in history, technicians gathered around him with congratulations. He was grinning, but not because of the snow.

"Say," he enthused, "guess what I saw coming back in the plane, a brand new place to find arrowheads!"

Illustrated by
LEE CONREY

MEDICAL HUCKSTERS

By Morris Fishbein, M. D.

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Ass'n,
and William Engle

I AM not sure that electricity is a new wonder in the art of medicine and if you think that you are a victim, fasten on it, oh no one understands how to keep you from a chance to health, be careful. The doctor is waiting for you.

The doctor is waiting for you particularly those trained in the use of electric devices, perhaps can cure you. The doctor is waiting for you a useless machine to be used as a false source of treatments.

No promise is beyond the charlatans and no medical man is not for their promotion. Then business would be funny if their patients' death and disease didn't so pitifully darken the record.

There is a doctor by any investigator of business called Albert Abrams, sharp-eyed and commanding coming to mind. He stands as dean of electrotherapy, there is no one above him to one beside him, the others are his emulums. He used one fantastic machine for diagnosis, another more fantastic machine for treatment.

He said he said, cure anything.

Drummers, with the fervor of cultists, believed him. They paid him. His worthless contrivances, once so seemingly miraculous, gather dust now as a warning to every one disposed to heed a mountebank.

HE CAME into "sure cures" from the top, down. The University of Heidelberg graduated him, he once was a professor of pathology in the Cooper Medical College in San Francisco, and for a while Albert Abrams' scientific papers were called sound and penetrating.

After that, strange machines began to whirl and glow in his mind. He came on to the time when he said triumphantly:

"It is no longer difficult for me. By my system of 'electronic reactions' I can discern clearly, I need only a drop of a patient's blood. My 'dynamizer' does the rest."

The "dynamizer," to be exact, required the drop of blood, he said. It then would determine the nature of any ill. It was the electric—or as he said electronic—diagnostician.

His claims didn't stop there. His mind was always reaching from peak to peak.

"The 'dynamizer' also is able to determine whether a patient, having submitted a drop of blood, is in sympathy with one philosophy of life or another."

He was the old story, still new, of the greater claim the greater the power over the credulity of people waiting for a promise.

Albert Abrams' rhapsody from science made the promise and offered the proof. He played up on the mystery inherent in electricity and the ease it is false to a licked cabinet. The "dynamizer" was a locked cabinet. It was electronic and unexplainable, he said, but it could tell what troubled you.

He would stand beside the locked box in his laboratory in San Francisco. His piercing eyes would dart from a worried patient, near by, to a healthy subject needed for the diagnosis.

We are ready? Here on this white blotter, is my patient a drop of blood. I insert the blotter into the dynamizer. The dynamizer in turn is connected by a wire to a strip of metal pressed to the forehead of my healthy, cooperating subject. My healthy subject is standing, facing west. It is necessary. He is standing in a dim light. It is necessary.

THE healthy subject would stand in the dim light and the doctor would tap his abdomen by force. Dr. Abrams said, he could later name by the machine's aid where his patient's trouble was and what its nature.

Patients believed this, as they distrust people believe other hucksters today. They even believed when the drop of blood was sent by mail. This he said, I heard when Abrams said there was no need to send blood, an autograph would do.

Here is a specimen of my handwriting. I sometimes have a sharp pain in my left side. Often it is a dull pain.

The communication would be popped into the "dynamizer." Then Dr. Abrams would diagnose. In a formal report, his words were impressive—double talk.

The psychologist can tell us nothing about emotions, and the same life is accorded to him. It appears that from handwriting and blood, religious belief may be determined despite the revelation of this fact as still ignorance. From handwriting and blood the determination of disease also is within our reach.

The tapping on the healthy subject's abdomen fixed the point of the patient's malady, and its



He Didn't Diagnose. The Box Did. No Secret of Disease, He Said, Was Beyond Its Strange Power. Many, Lost in Pain and Despair, Put Their Last Hope in It.

characteristics. The doctor's second locked box put treated the malady.

This second box was the "diagnostic." It "conquered" disease because it applied to the patient the same "vibratory rate" as that of the ailment from which the patient was suffering.

Cures were reported. They always are what ever the mountebank's pretensions, to be sure. A vendor under gasoline flare to truck loaded in a dim light laboratory, Dr. Albert Abrams' branched out.

He gave phonics everywhere (and some gave him and honest men a chance to leave and use the two incompatible cures).

At \$200 a course he took on disciples in "spondylotherapy and electrical diagnosis." In \$150, "No apparatus sold on credit—leave as you furnished equipment."

NO ONE could buy. Every one had to lease. The lessee had to sign a contract not to open a magic device after it was received. He must trust it, as patients must trust it.

Both operator and patient must have faith in the idea that each disease "has a vibratory rate." Both must believe that the Abrams device cured disease by the application of its "vibratory rate."

In every part of the country in the 1920's, down-at-the-heel boxers responded. They set up shabby shops in side streets and third floor walk-ups. They were "electronic specialists."

"So easy to do. So wonderful for you. Merely send a drop of blood on a piece of blotting paper."

Ridicule and denunciation began to mix with testimonials.

"The absurdity of the 'electronic specialists' was demonstrated by sending to some of Albert Abrams' disciples specimens of blood purported to be from patients who were ill but actually taken from animals." The American Medical Association reported.

One physician sent an Abrams disciple a drop of blood from a healthy guinea pig. The Abrams disciple diagnosed the case as general cancer and tuberculosis of the genito-urinary tract.

Another physician sent a few drops of sheep's blood on blotting paper. A diagnosis came back of hereditary syphilis with an offer to guarantee a cure for \$200.

Abrams the seer, Heileberg and his honorable days now long forgotten, seemed immune to this. He never retrieved a claim. He was always perfecting the legends of the electrical cabinets—in sides up to then unexposed.

"Many of the individuals who purported to diagnose and treat by means of the Abrams system simply charged their victims for diagnosing diseases which did not exist," the Medical Association then charged.

"Thereafter these practitioners mulcted their victims by treating them for conditions that did not exist. For a time it was a gold mine for dabblers. Abrams' disciples were reported to be taking in from \$1000 to \$2000 a day."

IT COULDN'T last, as no phase of medical nonsense can last. The storm against it grew too great. The time came when the long locked boxes gave up their mystery.

Inside them, the American Medical Association reports, was "a veritable jungle of electric wires, violating all the sound rules of electric construction."

Professor R. A. Millikan, former head of the California Institute of Technology and winner of the Nobel Prize in physics, verified this.

If a microorganism has any natural frequency at all," he said, "it would have to be billions of times higher than any audible frequency of the kind they use in this treatment. The claim that they are finding and then imposing upon disease its own natural frequency is simply the height of ignorance in view of the kind of physical mechanism with which they are dealing."

He didn't stop there. He labelled the cabinets with a classic phrase:

"They are the kind of device a ten-year-old boy would build to fool an eighty-year-old," he said.

With a silly toy under a high soundproof curtain, it then appeared, Abrams the seer, and his disciples, had presumed to discover the secret of

medicine, and even people's appearance.

It was the feeling detection that he could not figure out deep. I found whether a patient was suffering from carcinoma, syphilis, or other disease, from radiation or tuberculosis, the Abrams Medical Association reported. He was called the Abrams man found in unskilled.

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Illustrated by W. C. GRIFFITH

P

Every time the Roustabout Lassie's Boy Goes West a Million Miles Herrover in Pals are the "Star" the Old Girl's friend's first

What? *Veiny and flavor!* So, *more babies go for Gerber's!* Thousands, whose *first solid foods* after milk are Gerber's Cereals, continue enjoying Gerber's right-through easy Strained and . . .

Junior Foods! Same size container, same low price as Strained. When planning baby's menus—remember—*more doctors approve Gerber's Strained* and Junior Foods.

and Junior Foods.

FREE CINEALSA FILM WITH
to Gerber's, Dept AW 28, Fremont
Michigan.

Babies are our
business...
and our only
business!



Gerber's
BABY FOODS

3 Cereals • 18 Strained Foods • 13 Junior Foods

February Food Fair

FIRST
ON
FOODS

EVAPORATED MILK - FOUR OF 1001 USES.

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

Chirnan & M

1 FEBRUARY DESSERT...
Cherry Whip...chill 1 cup
EVAPORATED MILK ice cold.
Whip—then fold in 3 table-
spoons lemon juice, 1 cup red
cherry preserves. Serve "as is"
or freeze in refrigerator tray.

2 FROSTY MORNING FRENCH TOAST . . . very special made with **EVAPORATED MILK**. Use one tall can of **EVAPORATED MILK** to two beaten eggs. Dip slices of bread. Fry in Butter. This is also a tasty mixture for coating sandwiches to sauté

3 LUNCH-BOX IDEAS
Chopped Bologna Sandwich
Cottage Cheese - paper cut
Carrot sticks Apple
Milk
made with EV ALMOND M. H.

4 SUPER-BURGERS... Mix 1 lb. hamburger with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup EVAPORATED MILK, 2 teaspoons salt, few grains pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crumbled Bleu Cheese. Shape into patties. Broil.

JEFFY CHOCOLATE FROSTING... Melt 2 squares bitters chocolate. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir in alternately ½ cup EVAPORATED MILK, 1 lb. confectioner's sugar. Beat until creamy smooth.

6 RINGING THE DINNER BELL

Enjoying breakfast and lunch made with a lot of love. Courtesy: The Green House Farm, www.GreenHouseFarm.com

7 SMOOTH FUDGE... is made with EVAPORATED MILK. Just melt package chocolate bits in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup EVAPORATED MILK in top of double boiler. Remove from heat, blend in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup confectioner's sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

3 HONEY-BUTTER CREAM
... "Butters" and "Syrups"
waffles and griddle cakes in
ONE operation. Just cook to-
gether slowly until smooth $\frac{1}{2}$
cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$
cup EVAPORATED MILK. 1 lb.

RIGHT-START BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Poached Eggs
Toasted White Bread with Butter
Milk or Cocoa

NEW BEVERAGE... Grapefruit Juice and Milk... Unusual but so delightful when tall can of EVAPORATED MILK is combined with No. 2 can grapefruit juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Shake with ice 'til creamy and cool.

11 QUICK CHEESE SAUCE
... for Lenten Foods. Merely melt 1 cup cubed Cheese in 1 cup EVAPORATED MILK in top of double boiler. For Welsh Rabbit, add more Cheese, season with Worcestershire sauce.

12 MASHED POTATOES SUPREME... To make them extra-smooth, creamy, delicious...add butter and heat in several tablespoons of EVAPORATED MILK just before serving.

13 SALMON BAKE (canned)
Salmon rises to new heights when baked this way. Mix 3 tablespoons lemon juice with 1 cup EVAPORATED MILK. Pour over salmon, sprinkle with minced onion and parsley. Bake until salmon is thoroughly heated.

14 VALENTINE'S FROSTING
Here's radiantly pink, pleasantly peppermint frosting for your party cakes: Crush 4 peppermint sticks (½ cup) melt to ¼ cup EVAPORATED MILK in top of double boiler. Add confectioner's sugar until consistency to spread.

15 OMELET SUPREME
Gourmet touch for a Fluffy Omelet. Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Bleu Cheese with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup **EVAPO-RATED MILK**. Spread on top just before folding omelet.

16 COCOA WITH A "DASH"
... For mellow-rich flavor make cocoa with EVAPORATED MILK ... add dash of cinnamon to each cup for that "new taste."

17 LUNCH-AT-HOME
 Cream of Mushroom Soup
 made with 1/2 lb. sliced Mushrooms
 Toasted Cheese Sandwich
 Carrot and Apple
 Milk Tea Tea

CREAM SOUPS Cream soups made with EVAPORATED MILK are so smooth. Worth remembering when you make Cream of Chicken, Cream of Tomato, Cream of Mushroom, Potato, Celery, or any other of your favorite

19 TANGY SAUCE Piquant sauce for delicacies...such as chicken timbales, asparagus or broccoli. Blend $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup EVAPORATED MILK, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Heat slowly, stirring to keep smooth. Dash with mustard.

20 SHAPELY FISH CAKES Fish cakes (and other fish or meat mixtures) keep their shape and cook with tender, moist quality when mixture uses EVAPORATED MILK.

21 COLE-SLAW (served with baked beans) ... improves with this new twist. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup EVAPORATED MILK with 1 teaspoon salt $1\frac{1}{2}$ table-spoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard ... then blend in $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 cup Cottage Cheese, depending on how you like it.

22 FRUIT SALAD (for Washington's Birthday hospitality): takes to this new dressing. Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup EVAPORATED MILK, 1 tablespoon each of lemon juice and honey...

SHINY BROWN GLAZ
on bread and rolls is eas
to achieve by brushing the
tops with EVAPORATED MILK
just before baking.

24 EASY PENUCHE Mix 2½ cups brown sugar, few grains salt, 1 tablespoon corn syrup, 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ cup EVAPORATED MILK. Boil in hot ball stage (236° F) stirring. Cool to lukewarm. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup

25 SUPERB WHITE SAUCE
rich-tasting for creamed
and scalloped dishes is made
with **EVAPORATED MILK**. Veg-
etable liquids and meat broths
can be used with the Milk for
extra flavoriness and nutri-

5703 SUPPER SANDS, C. ES

27 SCRUMPTIOUS SCRAMBLE
For rich flavor and moist-
ness, add EVAPORATED MILK
to eggs before scrambling.
For extra-scrumptious scram-
ble, fold in some cubed Cream
Cheese when almost firm.

CUSTARD-GOODNESS: Silky smooth texture, rich flavor are gained by making custards and milk pudding with EVAPORATED MILK (cream pie fillings, too).



"You waltz
divinely,
Ann!"



"You're like a feather in my arm! Nobody'd ever guess you'd been gaining weight! And I'm crazy about that sweet, soft, romantic skin. It'll keep on protecting it... with Mennen Baby Oil."

Protects baby's skin better because it's antiseptic. Over 1300 hospitals use Mennen Baby Oil to help protect the sensitive skin of newborn babies. The majority of doctors prefer an antiseptic oil. Mennen actually helps prevent the growth of many surface bacteria that can cause serious infection. Yet it's so mild, so gentle!

Unbroken shield of protection—on guard against irritation! Mennen Baby Oil goes on smoothly, covers completely. This protective film helps prevent diaper rash, chafing.



urine irritation — many other skin troubles.

Famous, original Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil is thickful as benefits for your baby, helps keep his precious skin soft, smooth, healthy. Start using Mennen Oil after each bath and diaper change—today!

For chafing, chafing and prickles... **NEW Mennen Baby Powder!** Between Mennen Baby Oil smoothdowns, baby loves to be sprinkled with New Mennen Baby Powder. So soft, so white, so fragrant. Bordered for extra protection. Buy some now!



Mennen Baby Powder | Antiseptic Baby Oil

Two of the world's finest baby products

Leading
Beauty
Authorities
Say:

pure castile is the
BEST shampoo

To keep your hair beautiful and healthy, beauty experts and dermatologists have gone on record that a pure castile—particularly one with olive oil, is best.

And Conti Shampoo is made only with 100% pure castile and pure olive oil. So, why trust your hair to any other shampoo, particularly when Conti is so downright economical. Buy a bottle of Conti Castile Shampoo at any drug, department or variety store—today!

Conti never dries out the hair or scalp
Conti CASTILE SHAMPOO

LABORATORY RESEARCH comparing Conti with other type shampoos gives you these undeniable results:

Hair Shampooed with CONTI

- ✓ RINSES QUICKLY
- ✓ SETS BETTER
- ✓ HOLDS WAVES LONGER
- ✓ HAS MORE BODY
- ✓ HAS LESS TENDENCY TO FLY



Tattooing in Reverse

NOBODY knows better than "Professor" Frank W. Liberty that love is not always "till death us do part." He has ample proof of it every day.

The "Professor" is the proprietor of the Scollay Square Tattoo Salon in Boston and he's doing a thriving business now removing

your forearm. And how could you explain away the names of French, Belgian and Australian sweethearts across your chest, or realistic hula girls dancing on your biceps?

Well, the Professor can take them off as well as put them on. He fills his needle with a bleaching solution, goes over the tattooing, and your skin comes out almost as pure and unscathed as if the needle had never touched it.



The Pretty Little Blonde Stood By While the Art Work on Her Husband's Chest Was Needled Out by the Tattoo Artist.

the evidence of loves that didn't turn out to be as undying as the principals had anticipated—nor as permanent as tattoo ink.

Tattooing had been languishing for some years, with only a few foreign sailors and merchantmen still indulging in the old custom. Then the boys in uniform rediscovered it and went overboard. They flocked in to have all sorts of brilliant-hued decorations pricked into their hides, mostly the names of their girl-friends encircled by hearts or flanked by cupids. Perhaps it offered them their one chance for individuality in a life of discipline and regulations, or it might have been an unconscious desire for something that couldn't be taken away from them in an uncertain world. Whatever it was, tattoo artists were deluged with more business than they could readily handle.

The boom continues—but mostly in reverse. Times change, and so do girl-friends.

Protestations of true love might sound a little hollow to Dorothy when she discovers Mabel's name entwined with flowers on

"The other day a snappy little blonde and her big sailor husband came in," said the Professor, chuckling. "They'd been married just the day before and on her wedding night she'd been greeted by 'The Winning of Mary Lou' in six episodes across her bridegroom's chest and back."

She gave him his choice: get rid of Mary Lou, or else, I took it off for him while she stood there watching, madder than a wet hen, but it was kind of too bad. That Mary Lou job was really something."

"Of course," he said, "sometimes I just fancy 'em up. All those strip teasers—the boys liked so much—I figure I've tattooed clothing on more than 2,000 of 'em in the last year. Lots of times they want me to just change the names—like 'Marie' into 'Margie' or 'Jeanne' into 'Jennie' and so on, but I don't advise it. I'd rather take them off completely."

"Now something like 'Mother' or 'In God We Trust'—they're safe. They never need changing. But a girl's name—" the Professor shrugged—"you never can tell."

Madeleine's Greatest Role

WHEN lovely Madeleine Carroll cast aside a million-dollar screen contract to go overseas with the Red Cross in the last war, she probably expected to be back before the Hollywood cameras soon after the conflict ended. But war service in Africa, Italy and France brought her new interests.

First, she divorced actor Stirling Hayden and married handsome Henri Lavoire, French Resistance hero. Second, she realized that although the shooting war is over, much remains to be done in promoting understanding among the peoples of the world. So she and Henri have gone into the business of making movies that spread good will in a troubled world. How a movie queen discovered that the realities of the world are more important to her than Hollywood

make-believe is told next week in "Madeleine's Greatest Role."

INSTEAD of being a stepping-stone to equine immortality, the tradition-steeped Kentucky Derby is often just a springboard to oblivion for the winner. That's because the Derby, run in the spring, is "too much and too soon" for many of the three-year-old horses entered in it.

An incredible number of Derby winners have flashed to brief glory, only to fizzle out later in the season. On the other hand, many an owner has developed great stake horses by keeping them out of the Derby and saving them until they at last full growth and stamina. Don't miss Dan Parker's revealing article, "Derby Winners' Sad Prospect" next week.

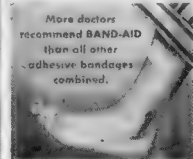
NEVER NEGLECT A BARKED SHIN

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

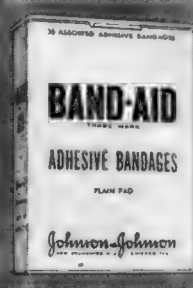
Cleanse the injury properly. Then put on BAND-AID, the adhesive bandage whose quality you can trust.

It comes to you sterile. Keeps out dirt. Helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

Caution: Remember, not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID. And only BAND-AID brings you Johnson & Johnson dependability.



*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-Mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.



Wearry Eyes Relieved in SECONDS With SAFE EYE-GENE

Just two drops of EYE-GENE—pre-styrene—eyes tired, irritated from wind, over-work, glare or smoke—are cleared, refreshed and rested in seconds!—EYE-GENE every day. It's gentle and safe. 25¢, 60¢, \$1 bottles at Drug Stores.



Tired one minute...



Rested the next!

COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE

A BAD START!



A HAPPY ENDING!



FAST 3-WAY RELIEF

● Offensive cough due to colds, smoking. Get this prescription-type formula of proven cough-relief ingredients long used by doctors. Quick, long-lasting relief 3 important ways

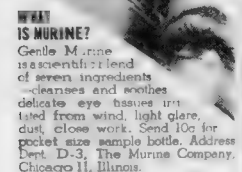
1. Tases throat tickle
2. Soothes raw, irritated membranes
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Prove to yourself that gentle, safe Murine brings instant relief to tired eyes. Just two drops in each eye. Fight away your tired, aching, itchy eyes. Refreshing relief.



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry" Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache, headache, and eye fatigue, and the real cause of their trouble may be the kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking out the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When functioning kidneys function properly, the body is healthy. But if they fail to remove waste, the body becomes sluggish, the blood is impure, the nerves are irritated, and the body is out of balance.



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Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

Teen-Age Tempest

After Graduation What?

By LUSULA TROW
GEORGE HOUSTON of Melton, Wis., recently wrote in asking how a teenager can decide what his life's work should be. He said he and several of his schoolmates are going to college without the faint idea of what they want to do when they graduate. Today we have a few suggestions from people who would like to help George, and others like him.

Joyce Whitney of Lan-

work or not. Likes and dislikes, adaptabilities and hidden talents come out at a surprising rate when one starts doing things.

As a high school physical education director, Betty Nelson of Dearborn, Mich., was faced with the extra job of advising 11th grade girls about vocations. Luckily she roomed with two young women—one in radio, the other in advertising. Through them she met other girls who were tal-



The Girls Get a Great Deal of Practical Advice About Careers From Women Who Are Successful in Several Businesses and Professions.

sing, Mich., writes, "In our social studies class we make a career book in which we put pictures and articles on careers we are interested in. We take interest tests such as the Minnesota Vocational Test for Clerical Workers, the California Personality Test, and the revised Minnesota Paper Form Board Test and a mechanical test. Movies are shown and various counselors give talks and help us fill out enrollment blanks for subjects that have a bearing on the careers in which we are interested."

Harriet C. Styn, who is an Army nurse at Fort Dix, N. J., points out that many men leaving the armed forces have the same problem—teen-agers have. She has so often heard them ask, "What will we do now?"

She wonders if a vocational guidance club in every high school wouldn't help a lot. The club could have weekly meetings given over to an open discussion of careers, and successful citizens in the community could tell about their professions.

Mrs. Carl Underwood of Danville, Pa., makes this suggestion: "Work during vacations at anything available. It matters little whether it's something you think you'd like for a life's

work or not. Likes and dislikes, adaptabilities and hidden talents come out at a surprising rate when one starts doing things.

As a result, all the girls are looking ahead to careers, something most of them never bothered their heads about before. Barbara A. Beltzel of Mechanicsburg, Pa., suggests that if you get no vocational guidance at school you consult books and friends. Her own career grew out of a keen interest in Nature. She subscribed to a nature magazine and found an article describing vocational opportunities for young people. She also scanned the library for books on nature recreation and wrote to the author of one of these books—a man who also happened to be a professor at an Eastern college. Later she arranged to study under him.

W. K. Murray of Chelmsford, Mass., thinks it's a good idea for a teen-ager to work at several jobs to find out what he wants to do in life and then when he knows, go back to college and prepare especially for his chosen career.

Have you any ideas that might help some puzzled boy or girl pick the right career? Write to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York, 7, N. Y.

SEVENTEN-YEAR-OLD Marjorie Manges of Garrett, Pa., wonders if it is right for her parents to tell her how to spend money that she earns herself.

"When they gave me an allowance," she writes, "I accepted their advice on how to use it. But since I earn for my own money I think I should have the privilege of spending it on what I think necessary. I really don't waste my money. In

fact, I have a savings account and I help buy things for the house. Am I expecting too much, or should my parents always advise me about my spending?"

What do you teeners think about this situation? Should Marjorie be allowed to spend her earnings as she sees fit? Or is it the right and the duty of her parents to supervise her finances? Write your opinions to the Teen-Age Editor.

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The Freshly Dug Grave Under the Fireplace
Was Disguised Brick by Brick and Covered
With Concrete, but Even Then the Victim's
Haunting Scream Brought Her Murderer Back
to Justice.



Dan Content

By Peter Levins

ALl too long, fate had been marking time. But in March, 1892, it struck a fresh scent, and the pursuit was on.

Back in December, a Mr. Drown and his young wife had moved into a small house on Andrew St., Wind sor, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia. But Mrs. Drown had not been seen since the day before Christmas, her husband since early January.

Several prospective tenants had obtained the keys and looked over the premises. But they had found the atmosphere oppressive.

Finally the owner had investigated, and he had also learned of "a fearful scream" heard on Christmas Eve. Then he had communicated with the police.

Officers traced the trouble to the fireplace in a bedroom. Here the hearth had been removed and concrete substituted. Picks and shovels revealed more concrete underneath, and below that a freshly dug grave containing the body of a young woman in her nightdress.

Her head had been battered and her throat slashed.

The missing husband, a well-dressed, talkative fellow about 40 years old, had described himself as an engine's toolmaker, and had spoken with a distinctly British accent.

Before occupying the house he had purchased a few essential articles of second-hand furniture. The day after taking possession, he had ordered a quantity of cement.

One clew found in the house was a family Bible which had belonged, apparently, to a Mrs. Mather of Rainhill, England, a small town in Lancashire, not far from Liverpool.

Acting on a cable from Melbourne, the Rainhill police interviewed Mrs. Mather, a widow who

ran a newspaper and stationery business near the local hotel. It developed that the victim unearthed in Australia had been her daughter, Emily.

She related that Emily, then assisting in the stationery store, had made the acquaintance of a most attractive man named Albert Williams the previous summer.

Williams, a guest at the hotel, wore valuable rings, dressed elegantly, and talked flamboyantly of his travels and his important connections.

He had visited the region, he had explained, as the representative of a Colonel Brooks, who had arrived in England from abroad and had commissioned him to find a suitable house hereabouts.

"Mr. Williams had been to Australia and South Africa," said Mrs. Mather. "He had in his possession a regular armory of native weapons. One of them was a small battle-ax. He told us that he had used this ax in a furious fight with a notorious bushranger, and killed him."

Williams obviously had taken much pleasure out of exhibiting the scars of old wounds sustained, one readily gathered, in heroic exploits in various wild corners of the world.

"I can't say that I was favorably impressed by him," Mrs. Mather continued, "because he struck

Illustrated by DAN CONTENT

me as being over-boastful. But Emily was completely dazzled. He swept her off her feet with his winning and gifts of jewelry and before she had known him a week they were engaged."

She said he had told them that he had been offered a position in Melbourne at a salary of 2,000 pounds a year, and that he would have to sail in November.

A few days before the wedding, solemnized on Sept. 22, Williams had given a farewell dinner at the hotel to "the many friends I have made in Rainhill." His health had been drunk, as well as the health of his prospective bride, and he had graced the occasion with several songs.

Immediately after the wedding ceremony, and before they left for their honeymoon at New Brighton, Williams had taken Emily to inspect a house he had rented for Colonel Brooks in Lawton road, just outside of town.

The starry-eyed bride probably had not noticed that a section of the kitchen had been newly cemented.

"I saw them off when they sailed," Mrs. Mather concluded, "little dreaming that I would never see my poor child again. I had no reason to believe that she had made a terrible mistake. Invariably, in the letters that came from the various ports at which they stopped, Emily referred to Albert in the highest terms. She seemed blissfully happy."

CASE OF THE

At the Rainhill hotel, police officers learned that Williams had described himself as an "Inspector of Regiments."

Seemingly a genial, hail-fellow-well-met, he had stood drinks freely with one and all, regaled the citizenry with numerous glamorous accounts of his adventures, and paid marked attention to a pretty waitress.

She, however, had been somewhat less than enchanted by him, which turned out to be a most fortunate reaction on her part.

ON ONE occasion, it was related, Williams had given the village something of a start by appearing on the main street decked out in a glittering military uniform. It was assumed that this was the outfit he wore when performing his duties as Inspector of Regiments, a non-existent rank in the British army.

After renting the seven-room house on Lawton road, known as Dinham Villa, Williams had rented furniture for three rooms. He had in fact formed acquaintances that he expected a visit from his sister and her four children—a visit that would be of short duration, he said, because they would soon join the husband and father in California.

Neighbors had observed a woman at the house in early September, and caught glimpses of children playing in the garden. Then they had been seen no more.

Williams had also stayed at the place during that brief period of five or six days. Then he had returned to the hotel, explaining that he had found the house rather lonely after seeing his sister and the children off for Port Said, Egypt.

At this point, another name comes into focus—Frederick Bailey Deeming.

Fred Deeming's travels and pertinent activities got out way in 1883, when he was about 30.

February 1, 1948

Previously he had led a routine life as a plumber and gasfitter in and about Birkenhead; it wasn't until he had left England that he really began to branch out.

In 1883, two years after his marriage to Marie James, a dark-eyed, darkhaired Birkenhead girl, Deeming shipped as a steward on an Australian liner for the purpose of working his passage to Sydney. Mrs. Deeming and her first child boarded with his folks pending the time she would rejoin him "down under."

Arriving in Sydney, Deeming soon got work, but he fell a-fool of the law when he took to stealing, instead of repairing, the plentiful gas-fittings of the community.

Only a few days after he cabled Mrs. Deeming to take passage and join him, he was arrested, convicted and sentenced for his larcenies. However, he was released in time to meet the boat, and so his wife remained in ignorance of what had happened.

Deeming now went into business for himself, but he proved over-aggressive, extravagant and unreliable.

Presently, having filed a petition in bankruptcy, he was arrested for fraudulent practices, but chose not to stand trial. He jumped his bail and skipped to Port Adelaide with his family, which now included two children.

But, as Deeming discovered, Yorkshire wasn't South Africa.

En route to Montevideo, first port of call, Deeming became chairman of the customary concert in aid of the Seamen's Orphanage; also, he headed the subscription list with a liberal donation. As the Coleridge lay at anchor at Montevideo on Easter Monday, a policeman came aboard and placed the deceptive Deeming under arrest.

Loud mouthed and uncooperative, he proved a difficult charge. But they got him back to Hull, and in October, 1890, he received a nine-month term, which he served in full.

Then he set up headquarters in Rainhill. His name was now Albert Williams.

AFTER Mrs. Mather related the circumstances of her daughter's marriage to Albert Williams, police officers entered the silent house on Lawton road, which he said he rented for Colonel Brooks. While a curious, wide-eyed crowd milled about outside, they went to work on the kitchen floor with pick and shovel.

They found the body of a woman and four children. All were in their nightclothes.

The throats of all had been cut—all but the youngest child, who had been strangled.

Deeming's brother hastened from Birkenhead and immediately identified the victims as Fred's

house for himself and his prospective bride.

Deeming showered his "darling Kate" with love letters and telegrams. Then he sent her 20 pounds with the possibly ominous remark that "everything was ready."

Miss Rounsfell started for Southern Cross. She never got there.

Deeming intercepted her? No. Somebody else intercepted Deeming.

Before the young woman could complete the journey that might soon have had a sequel in a concrete grave, she learned that her beloved had been arrested, and that he was being called one of the most infamous criminals of the age.

The prisoner was first escorted under heavy guard to Perth. He violently resisted his captives every step of the way.

He denied that he was Deeming, denied that he had ever been in Rainhill, denied that he had ever known Emily Mather. He asserted that it was "a scandal that a man of his respectability should be accused of things like murder."

Even after he had been confronted by a fellow passenger on a voyage from England, he continued to insist that it was a case of mistaken identity.

"If you are not Deeming and Williams and Swanston," asked a police official, "then who are you?"

CONCRETE HEARTHSTONE

It was while he was in Port Adelaide, a period of 30 days, that Deeming decided to have nothing more to do with the plumbing game, or any other legitimate business.

Presently he and his family dropped anchor in Cape Town, South Africa.

At that time, the diamond boom was in full career. Fresh discoveries were being made almost daily, and new fields exploited. From all quarters of the globe, adventurers converged on Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Johannesburg, Kimberley and Durban. Crime abounded, law and order did not.

For Deeming, the situation approached the ideal. He dressed well, talked loud and boastfully, and got away with practically anything he put his hand and mind to, jewelers being his special prey. Usually he posed as a mine manager.

Between times, he robbed the National Bank of Johannesburg of a considerable sum—not at gunpoint nor by cracking its safe, but purely via persuasive self-selling. That is, he obtained a large loan, then left town.

He reappeared in Klerksdorf, where he wangled a good job as manager of a gold mining company. He did this by representing himself as having held a similar post with the Mount Morgan Gold Mining Co. of Queensland.

In his new surroundings, as in Johannesburg, he invaded the higher brackets of local magnates, and soon had them snapping at his bait.

FIRST he confided that he owned the controlling interest in several properties of immense potentiality; a mere spoonful of capital, he said, would be enough to develop the thing into—well, a veritable gold mine.

One interested capitalist got the jump on his rivals by hastening to Cape Town to investigate the claims. A few days later this man's agent in Johannesburg received a wire from Cape Town—a wire sent not by the capitalist but by Deeming—instructing the agent to pay the prospector "not more than 2,200 pounds."

Deeming followed this up by calling on the agent and exchanging the deeds of ownership for not 2,200 but 2,800 pounds. Before taking his leave, Deeming promised to appoint the agent his secretary. The appointment turned out to be as valueless as the deeds.

The erstwhile plumber shifted to Cape Town, where he put his wife and children on a boat for England. He himself assumed the name of Levey and boarded a collier for Aden, only a few jumps ahead of the police. At Aden he transhipped to Southampton, but prudently decided to proceed by sea to Hull, far up on the east coast.

With the intention of shaking off pursuit, he shuttled from town to town—Birkenhead, where his wife and children awaited him; with his brother, Camberwell, Stockton-on-Tees, London and then caught a steamer for Australia. At Port Said, he left the ship and doubled back to England.

At Hull and Beverley he posed as the Australian millionaire relative of a British statesman. He proposed marriage to the landlady of his hotel at Beverley, but she declined. However, he soon discovered another local woman, a widow, and disappeared with her jewels shortly after the ceremony.

It was now March, 1890, time for fate to catch up with Deeming, if only momentarily.

Back in Hull, he fraudulently obtained 285 pounds worth of jewelry from a goldsmith in Whitefriargate, caught the next train for Southampton, and sailed away for Australia on the S.S. Coleridge.



Marie Deeming Paid the Price of Loving Not Too Wisely, but Too Well.

wife and children. The news was flashed to Australia, and a detective set sail at once to arrest the suspect in the event justice failed in the Emily Mather murder.

Meanwhile, as related, the man named Drogen had quit the little house on Andrew st., Windsor, in early January—Jan. 5, to be exact. He had taken a boat for Sydney, posing as one "Baron Swanston." Aboard the boat he had become conspicuous because of his swaggering, boastful behavior.

Aboard the same boat was a Miss Kate Rounsfell, an exceedingly respectable young woman who was on her way to visit her sister and brother-in-law in Bathurst.

Baron Swanston—whom we will call Deeming—lost no time in courting Miss Rounsfell.

As with other women subjected to his wiles, she had been impressed by his resplendent attire, his diamond rings, and his lofty talk.

As with Emily Mather, his high-powered wooing just about hypnotized her.

When the ship reached Bathurst, Miss Rounsfell introduced this man—soon to be hunted as a six-ply killer—as her future husband.

Within a few days, by means of forged references and testimonials, Deeming maneuvered himself into a job as an engineer at a gold mine in Southern Cross. He left his fiancée with her relatives in Bathurst while he hastened to Southern Cross. One of his first moves was to rent a

"You have no right to ask," he replied.

Later, however, he admitted the marriage to Miss Mather, but stated that he knew nothing of the woman whose body had been buried under the fireplace of the house in Windsor. He asserted that Emily had deserted him for another man, and that she was still alive.

From Perth he was taken to Sydney, then to Adelaide, and finally to Melbourne. Huge crowds gathered at every stopping place, causing the prisoner to protest, most indignantly, against being treated "like a wild animal in a menagerie."

In the ensuing days, he put on a very realistic imitation—If imitation it was—of a madman. His fits of frenzy were frightening; he had to be constantly "under restraint and medical care." Sometimes it took four guards to get him under control.

He himself insisted that there had been insanity in his family, that his parents had been deranged, and that he could not be held responsible for his acts.

As for his trial in Melbourne, he treated it as a joke. He insulted the witnesses, the judge, and his own counsel. Between sneers, he oiled the women in the courtroom.

WHILE Kate Rounsfell was on the stand, he made repeated efforts to attract her attention. When she stepped down, after giving her testimony, he shouted, "Kate! Kate!" She paid no attention then, nor later when he wrote her letters to visit him in his cell.

The prosecution suggested that the murders had been carefully planned and carried out, that the motive had been Deeming's desire to rid himself of persons who had become an expense and an inconvenience.

Of course, the verdict was "guilty," and the jury added a special rider stating that in their opinion the defendant was altogether rational and sane.

Deeming then made a long, rambling speech which lasted nearly an hour. He denounced the press as having "grossly misjudged the case." He declared that the Australian people had "made" a show of him and treated him like a wild beast in the forest.

He told the court that he was insane, that papers were on their way from England that would prove this, that there was madness in his blood.

He said Emily Mather was still alive. He said he supposed he must have killed his wife and children, but he could not remember doing so.

He said his dead mother's voice had urged him to do mad things.

He said that the people in the courtroom were the most ugly and hateful collection he had ever seen or heard of, and he cursed them all.

While he awaited death on the gallows, the owner of Dinham Villa in Rainhill had the house torn down, asserting that he would not permit a brick of it to remain standing; the wax-workers of Tussaud's exhibition in Baker st. began modeling a reproduction of Deeming; and a secret commission began to consider the question of his mental state.

But suddenly they had to suspend their sitings, the news having arrived that Frederick Bailey, Deeming had been hanged May 23, 1892.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

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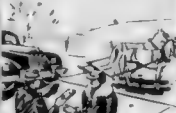
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The Woman Architect's Eyes Light Up When She Shows Visitors Her Models for the City She Is Planning.

sire," as the poet Omar Khayyam put it.

Several months ago the city fathers of Sydney decided that the time had come to do some serious thinking and planning about their community. They want their city of 1,300,000 people to be comfortable, practical and beautiful; and to stay that way no matter how large it might grow in the future.

Eventually, blocks of old and unsightly buildings will be torn down; new developments will fit into a sensible over-all scheme so that Sydney may some day become one of the world's most convenient and attractive cities.

MANY architects were considered for the job—and Rosette Edmunds was the unanimous choice of the hard-headed city council. They knew about the efficient business buildings and the comfortable homes that had come from her drawing board in the past. They were familiar with her ideas about parks and playgrounds—and her consideration for people less prosperous than herself.

"Because she is a woman," one city official said, "Miss Edmunds will think in terms of homes and children, rather than statistics and finance."

Miss Edmunds' office is piled high with blueprints and reports, and her eyes light up when she shows bankers, builders and businessmen her miniature models of the Sydney of the future.

"Cities," says the woman architect, "should be designed for people—not people for cities. We may not achieve an earthly Utopia, but some day, if our plans work out, Sydney will be one of the world's most beautiful cities, where even our poorest people can live in health, comfort and dignity."

28 February 1, 1948

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D.D.D. Prescription

Letters to the Editor

I WANT to congratulate The American Weekly on the extraordinary articles on literature you have been running, such as "Geraint and Enid" and "Heroines of Literature." They are written and illustrated so well that they make the stories easy to understand.

I can remember from my school days some of the stories you are now running, and I always had a hard time with them in those days.

I started reading The American Weekly about five years ago and I've bought it ever since. Sometimes it is hard to get, but I look until I find it.

W. M. Tapley
Ringgold, Ga.

Would you please send me a copy of your booklet, "My Faith"? I am very much interested in church work, and recently was appointed minister of our Junior Church. I feel that the booklet will help me in my work.

Harry E. Long,
Braintree, Mass.
(Booklet sent.—Ed.)

Please send me a reprint of your article, "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator." Our baby is two weeks old, and we've already nicknamed him "The King."

Mrs. S. Silverberg
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Any reader desiring a reprint of this article may obtain one by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Editor.—Ed.)

Recently, we used your fine article, "Everybody's Book" at Sunday School class, and gave out the suggested daily Bible readings it contained to all of the 20-odd members present.

Mrs. T. M. Strong
Dodgeville, Wis.

Teen-Age Tempest is terrific! It gives teen-agers all over the country a chance to express their opinions.

Pat Brackman
& Edith Tonik
Philadelphia, Pa.

I would like to compliment you on your splendid magazine. I am a freshman in Decatur High School, and find The American Weekly an invaluable source of information. Many times I have taken articles out of the Weekly and brought them to school. I especially liked your recent article, "Folklore—Made in U.S.A."

Ralph Clemens, Jr.
Decatur, Mich.

I've been a reader of the Chicago Herald-American for quite some time, and am an admirer of The American Weekly. I must say that your article "Expensive Sweet Nothings" was a good one. I think Uruguay's law making a man live up to all those wild courting claims, and making him stop telling a girl "I love you" when he really doesn't, ought to be made international.

Albert Lee
Chicago, Ill.

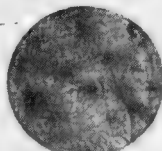
In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 1, N. Y.

February 1, 1948 23

Close to You

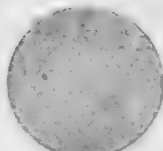


What do HIS eyes see?



Your skin dulled with stale make-up, flaked-off skin cells, clinging grime? Then—his eyes may turn critical.

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Woodbury Cold Cream

SUNSWEET PRUNE-LEMON MOLD

- Pit prunes and stuff 6 with orange sections. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Arrange stuffed prunes in bottom of oiled mold, cover with a thin layer of gelatin, and allow to set. Add half the remaining prunes to the rest of the gelatin, cool until slightly congealed, and pour over the first layer. Chill. Unmold and finish with the remaining prunes and orange sections. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.



SUNSWET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots,
Peaches, and SUNSWET Prune Juice

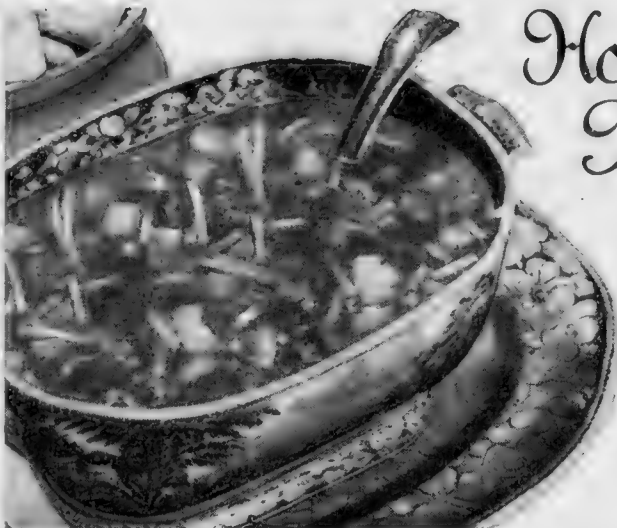
GRAVY MASTER
MAKES GRAVY FINE

*Brush
Away*

LOOK
10 YEARS
YOUNGER

GRAY HAIR

26 February 1, 1969



Meat and Vegetables Make This Hearty Dish

1 fortified margarine
 1 tsp. pepper
 1 chicken bouillon
 cubes
 4-5 cups water
 1 cup heavy cream
 1½ tps. salt
 5 rounds toast, 2"
 2 tbsps. grated pa-
 mesan cheese
 Sauté onions in butter un-
 til golden brown, sprinkling
 them with the pepper while
 cooking. Dissolve bouillon
 cubes in the water, then
 bring to boil. Add browned
 onions. Continue boiling,
 covered, for 1½ hr. Slowly
 stir in the cream and salt.
 Place a round of toast in
 each individual soup dish,
 and pour on the soup. Sprin-
 kle cheese on top. Serves 5.

- 2 cups black turtle beans
- 2 qts. cold water
- 2 stalks celery
- About 1 tps. salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. powdered thyme
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced onion
- 2 tbsps. butter or
fortified margarine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tps. flour
- 1 wine glass sherry
- 10 thin slices lemon
- 2 sliced, shelled, hard
cooked eggs

Pick over 1 cup cash beans, and soak in cold water overnight. In morning, add celery, 2 tps. salt, pepper, mustard, and thyme. Simmer in 1 tsp. butter until tender; then add to beans. Simmer, covered, until tender enough to put through a strainer—it may take 5 hrs. Press soup through sieve. Pressed soup through sieve, there should be about 7½ cups soup. Heat to boiling; stir in flour combined with remaining 1 tsp. butter, melted. Simmer 3 min., then add celery. Add remaining 2 tps. salt, or to taste. If soup is too thick, add a little more water. Garnish with lemon and slice of hard-cooked egg on each serving. Serves 10. Reheats well.

3¹/₂ lb. chuck beef, cut up
3¹/₄ lb. beef soup bones
1 peeled medium onion
2¹/₂ tsps. salt

2 qts. cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14-oz. pkg. dried lentils (1 cup)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper
 Place beef, bones, onion, and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt in kettle with cold water. Cover, bring to boil, and skim. Then lower heat and simmer, covered, 4½ hrs. Strain mixture. Remove meat and shred. Return to soup mixture. Add washed lentils, remaining salt, and pepper, and simmer, covered, 1½ hrs. or until lentils are tender. Serves 4.

1 lb. fresh shrimp or 2
 cups canned shrimp
 1 lb. lobster
 2 doz. small clams or
 mussels
 2 lbs. haddock
 1 qt. boiling water
 1 cup canned or fresh
 tomatoes, crabmeat
 6 tomatoes, chopped
 1 tbsp. minced onion
 1 tbsp. minced celery
 1 tsp. minced garlic
 1 tsp. powdered sage
 1 tsp. leaf thyme
 1 tsp. saffron
 2 bay leaves
 3 tps. salt
 1 tsp. paprika
 1 dash cayenne
 1½ cup salad or olive oil
 1 cup sherry
 1 tbsp. minced parsley
 Allow fresh shrimp to
 stand in boiling water to
 cover 3 min. Remove shells
 and back vein running
 down each side. Order lobster
 cleaned and split, with
 claws cracked and removed
 from body. Steam clams to

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for FACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 582, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

660	Gauzy Gauer Dinner	479	New Cakes
661	Famous Recipes	480	Desserts and Sweets
662	Vegetarian Recipes	481	Favorite Recipes
663	Quick Recipes	482	Pies and Pastries
664	Quick Hot Bread	483	Favorite Soup Recipes
665	Quick Hot Roll-Pan	484	Great For Family Dinners
666	Oyster Recipes	485	Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
667	Quick Comfort	486	Delicious Veggies
668	Eggs for Every Meal	487	New Vegetable Recipes
669	Let's Eat Fish	488	Almanac Potato Recipes
670	Favorite Recipes	489	Popular Salad Recipes
671	Quickly Prepared Meals	490	Salads and Dressings
672	Quickly Prepared Recipes	491	Almanac Cookies
673	Foreign Recipes	492	Quickies
674	Almanac Bread & Rolls	493	Children's Party Recipes
675	Quickly Prepared Recipes	494	Favorite Recipes
676	Favorite Meatless Recipes	495	Buffet Party Dishes
678	Favorite Almanac Cakes	496	Lunchbox Fillers

2 min., remove from shells. Drain, reserving liquid. Remove bones from haddock, and place them in kettle with the boiling water and add salt. Simmer 10 min. Drain, and reserve this fish stock. Combine all fish, tomatoes, and all remaining ingredients except stock oil, which has been heated in a large kettle. Simmer, stirring constantly, for 10 min. Add fish stock and sherry, and boil 30 min. Strain into tureen, and serve. Serves 12 generously. If clams and lobster aren't available oysters may be substituted for the clams. 1 6-oz. can of tomato paste, 1/2 can of Codfish may be used instead of haddock.

1 tbsp. butter or
fertilized margarine
1½ lbs. oxtails, cut in
pieces
6 cups cold water
4 tspas. salt
1 cup sliced onions
1 cup dried, raw carrots
½ cup diced raw celery
2 tbsps. brown rice
1 cup canned tomatoes
Heat butter in Dutch
oven. Add 6 cups oxtails
and brown on all sides. Add
water and salt, cover, bring
to boil, then simmer 3½
hrs. If desired, remove meat
from bones and return meat
to soup. Then add onions,
celery, carrots and rice; cov-
er and simmer 30 min.
longer. Skim off any sur-
face fat, add tomatoes, heat
and serve. Good reheated
with the addition of ½ cup
cooked spaghetti and 1 cup
tomato sauce. Heat and
serve. Serves 4.

1 2" sq. fat salt pork
 1 large onion, sliced
 2 lbs. pared white
 potatoes (4 cups
 diced)
 2 cups boiling water
 1 12-oz. can whole
 grain corn (1½ cups)
 1 cups milk, scalded
 2 tps. salt
 ¼ tsp. pepper
 ¼ tsp. paprika
 Cut salt pork into ½"
 cubes and brown well in
 large sautépan. Add onion
 and cook tender. Add diced
 potatoes and water, cover,
 cook until potatoes are
 tender. Add corn, milk and
 seasonings. Heat and serve.
 Serves 6 as a main dish.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

The delicate cheddar flavor
of Pabst-ett makes party
fare of thrifty dishes!



It's amazing what a delicious and thrifty meal
you can whip together with a few simple ingredients—even leftovers
—and a package of Pabst-ett. Pabst-ett's delicate cheddar is cheese
food at its best . . . melts super-smoothly in sauces, casseroles, sandwiches.
Spreads easily. Slices into perfect wedges when chilled. And it's easy to
digest . . . richly nourishing. Keep Pabst-ett in the house always.

(Also try Pimento Pabst-ett in the next page.)



**Tomato Timbales
with Pabst-ett Sauce**

**Economical main-dish for 4
helps balance food budgets!**

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cups canned tomatoes | 1 cup soft bread crumbs |
| 2 tablespoons minced onion | 1 pkg. Pabst-ett |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1/4 teaspoon paprika | Parsley |
| 3 eggs, slightly beaten | Broiled bacon |

Roll the tomatoes through a sieve. Add the onion, salt, paprika,
eggs and bread crumbs, mix well. Pour into 4 well-greased custard
cups, place them in a pan of hot water, and bake in a very mod-
erate oven, 325°, until firm, about 15 minutes. Melt the Pabst-ett
in the top of a double boiler. Gradually add the milk, stir constantly
until sauce is smooth. Unmold timbales, and pour a generous
amount of the hot Pabst-ett sauce over each. Gar-
nish with parsley, serve with crisp broiled bacon.

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COMFORT the raw, raspy throat which so often accompanies a cold by gargling with Alka-Seltzer. You will like the relief it brings.

30c and 60c at all drug stores, U. S. and Canada.



The Epicure

STUFFED GRAPE LEAVES
By DENNIS DAY

VIA THE grapevine I heard of a delectable dish that aroused my curiosity—Grape leaves with lamb and rice, stewed in lemon sauce. On a recent visit to New York, I decided to investigate this old combination and it was well worth my trip to the Village.

I wanted to test my culinary skill so I asked the chef how the dish could be prepared and where to buy the grape leaves (salted or fresh if in season). I found this treat very simple to cook and enjoyed its different flavor so much that I now have it quite often. So folks, if you're interested in pleasing the hungry male animal, here's how:

1 lb. grape leaves
1 lb. lamb (shank),
chopped fine
1 cup of rice (raw)
6 lemons
Salt
Pepper

Soak grape leaves in pan of water for about 10 minutes or longer, if necessary, to make them pliable.

Wash rice and mix with lamb. (In order to mix evenly, sprinkle with a few drops of water occasionally.) Add salt and pepper to taste.

Spread a grape leaf on a flat surface, with stem at bottom and point at top. You should be looking at the wrong side of the grape leaf. (One side is smooth and green—this is the right side.)

Take a teaspoonful of "stuffing" and lay on top of grape leaf. Then, with hands, roll enough to cover stuffing, fold in sides of grape leaf, and roll up, rest with the ends tucked in.

Follow same procedure with the other grape leaves.



Dennis Day, Brown-Eyed Young Singer, Had Early Ambitions to Be a Lawyer. Now He Is Well Established With Record and Radio Fans, Who Also Enjoy His Flair for Comedy and Mimicry.

When they have all been rolled, place in pot and cover with water. Cover them with a dish small enough to fit into the pot. (This is to keep them from unrolling.) Bring to a boil and allow to boil for about an hour. Remove plate and pour in pot the juice of 6 lemons. Add salt to taste. Cover again with dish and allow to simmer 15 or 20 minutes—and that's all there is to it. Serve piping hot.

For You to Make



3775
SIZES
2-10



ONE
PIECE
3863
SIZES
12-20

3775—Embroider this little pineapple frock for your tot. Add cape and hat. Adorable! Sizes 2-10. Size 6, frock, 1 1/2 yards 33-inch; cape, hat, 1 1/2 yards 39-inch.

3863—Anderling . . . beeping and easy to make. Bodice is one piece, skirt is one piece. Sizes 12-20. Size 16, 3 yds. 39-in. fabric.

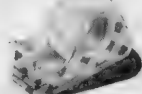
3165—This peacock is a fascinating new design for linens. His fan-shaped tail is pineapple creche; body and roses, embroidery. Transfer of one \$1.19, two \$2.13 in.

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ITASCA WEAVERS GUILD • INC. • NEW HAVEN, CTAS

Streamlining for Teeners

By Sally Young

"AS the twig is bent, so shall it grow..." is an axiom teen-agers who slouch might take to heart. Slumping, careless posture, and the general caved-in shuffling along, aggravated by carrying a heavy load of school books most of the day—they not only inflict their harm now, but may leave their mark in the years to come.

It is important, therefore, that you watch your posture when walking and sitting, and find a comfortable method of transporting the books you must carry. In

ful contours, and supply the right amount of control and support to counteract the usual haphazard bearing.

A two-way stretch is probably all you'll need. And these will permit you freedom of action. They're comfortable and simple to launder.

Waist Control

IF IT is waist control you need primarily, you should be happy with the "waistlet" which nips in natural waistlines. However, don't overdo this waist-nipping.



watching your posture, always see to it that your spine is straight and your tummy in. For lugging those books, get yourself a briefcase, carry as few as possible by doing your homework during study periods, and ride instead of walk when you must carry heavy loads.

Posture Aid

ANOTHER aid to posture, and therefore to general good health now and later, is a proper foundation garment—one designed for young figures. Such a garment should "refine" rather than "confine" youth.

Don't let it take your breath away. Remember you're an active young lady, not circumscribed by convention the way your great-grandmother was. She had the best hand-span waist you ever saw, but did she play basketball and tennis, did she dash hither and yon in split second speed?

The modern waistlet should mold the figure gracefully, yet afford comfortable elasticity. By all means be feminine—but be so in the modern manner.

If you've never worn a girdle or bra it may take a few days to get used to them.

However, once they're a part of you, you'll find your clothes fit better, and look better on you, your posture will improve considerably, and you'll be able to go through your day with less bodily strain.

Do You Know?

Do you know that a short, slender girl who wants to appear taller and heavier should wear simple clothes that will not dwarf her figure?

Do you know that a tall, stout girl who wants to look daintier should avoid horizontal lines and big prints?

Do you know that horizontal lines are good for the tall, thin girl who wants to minimize angular lines?

Do you know that thin girls can wear bright colors to good advantage, while black and other dark colors will emphasize their thinness?

Do you know that sweaters will make a chubby girl look even chubbier?

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the chart desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 385, Church Street Station, New York 17, N. Y.

- BEAUTY**
- (1) Skin Care
 - (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
 - (3) Care of Precious Eyes
 - (4) How to Trim Your Figure
 - (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
 - (6) For Beautiful Hair
 - (7) Hand Care
 - (8) 7-Day Diet
 - (9) Loss or Gain by Exercise
 - (10) Rashless Superfines Hair
 - (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
 - (12) Hair Styles for You

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Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay within \$5.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress in 10 days. No refund. If accepted, I am obligated. Do not send cash.

Step	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	Size
1			

NAME (print).....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

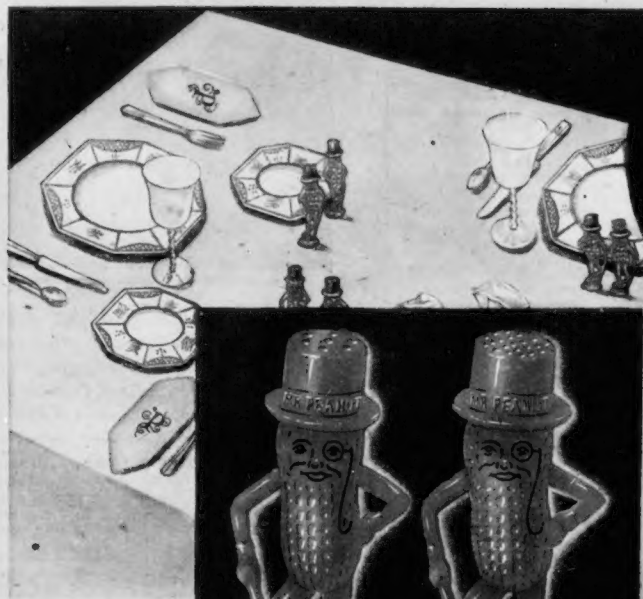
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IN COLORS TO
ACCENT YOUR OWN
DECORATIVE SCHEME



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Make the Adorable Embroidered Tot's Pinfore Shown in the Pattern Feature in This Issue.

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



February 1, 1948

Selecting Fine Silver

By Doris Denison

FOR most people, selecting a set of fine silverware is a once-in-a-lifetime affair. The event, therefore, should be honored with thought and preparation.

If you can afford sterling, by all means get it. If not, good-looking, well-made silver plate is available, the best of which should last at



least 30 years before the base metal starts to show through.

Pieces to Buy

A YOUNG married couple just starting out may find it possible to begin their set with place settings for only two. Six standard pieces belong to each setting. They are: dinner knife, dinner fork, teaspoon, salad fork, soup spoon, and butter spreader. Later, other pieces can be added to each setting according to individual needs—a luncheon fork and luncheon knife, a dessert spoon or after-dinner coffee spoon, an oyster fork or iced tea spoon. Be sure to ask your dealer if the pattern you select will be available over the length of time you intend to take to complete your set.

A family which gives frequent buffet suppers will want to have extra forks; the hostess who entertains at afternoon tea will need more teaspoons. If you don't give formal dinners often, you may wish to omit the large dinner knife and fork altogether and use the luncheon knife and fork on all occasions.

Serving pieces which can be added from time to time include tablespoons, butter knife, gravy ladle, salad fork and spoon, carving knife and fork, cold meat fork, sugar spoon, pie server, preserve spoon, lemon fork, olive spoon, and jelly knife.

High Standards

SINCE solid silver would be much too soft for practical use, an alloy of copper is used with the silver to make it strong and durable. Under U. S. government standards, silver pieces must contain 92.5% pure silver in order to bear the label, "sterling."

The difference in the value of sterling pieces is determined by weight and design. The heavier the piece, the more expensive it will be.

Plated flatware varies a great deal in quality. The best pieces have a heavy silver coating and are reinforced at points of most wear. This reinforcement is accomplished by overlating extra coats of silver or by inlaying blocks of silver at vulnerable points.

Pattern

CHOICE of pattern is a personal thing, and will, of course, reflect your own taste and preference. Remember that you will have your silver a long while and it is imperative to select a pattern so well designed that it will stand this test of time.

If you have inherited heirloom silver, and need to make additions, it is acceptable to mix patterns.

Initialing

SEVERAL factors should be taken into consideration if you decide to initial your silver. First, choose a style of lettering which will enhance the design of the silver, not detract from it. Your jeweler will be able to advise you on what is appropriate. If your pattern is quite elaborate, you can have initials put on the back.

You must also decide whether you wish embossed (raised) or engraved (depressed) initials.

It is correct to use just the initial of your last name, or you can use three initials, whichever looks better on your silver.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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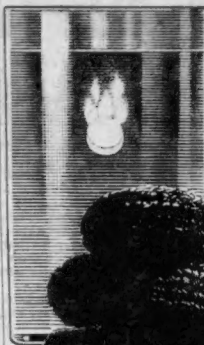
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